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*Being the text of these so-restored Plays with  
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with Critical Introductions*

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## The Bankside=Restoration Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN

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NEW YORK

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS

1908

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# The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare.

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## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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*(The Text of the Folio of 1623, with that of "The Law Against Lovers," by Sir William D'Avenant, 1622.)*

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With an Introduction

BY

B. FRANK CARPENTER, Ph. D.

*A Member of The Shakespeare Society of New York.*

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NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK  
1908



## INTRODUCTION.

The present Editor has been called at the eleventh hour to edit this most important—because (although not the first printed apparently) the first—of The Shakespeare Restoration Dramas. Unhappily the gentleman selected by the General Editor, by reason of severe domestic affliction as well as by his own failing health, has been unable to perform the office, and I can only in any sort feel a possible excuse for imperfectly attempting his place, in that I am using most of the Introduction he had partially prepared. What now follows is his:

“As this is the first of the Restoration Bankside series to reprint a play of Sir. William Davenant it may be well to refresh the memory of the reader with the recital of a few details of his life.

He was born in February, 1605-6, at the Crown Inn, Oxford. The legend of his relationship to Shakespeare is too well known to need repetition. It is a legend he seemed inclined to disseminate rather than to protest against, but it rests on a very slight foundation. His putative father was the proprietor of the Inn, a man of substance, at one time Mayor of Oxford; his wife, William's mother, is said to have been a very beautiful and attractive woman. Shakespeare at all events seems to have stood sponsor in baptism for the boy and to have seen him frequently during his childhood and a warm affection to have grown up for him on the part of the lad, which it is reasonable to suppose had some influence in determining his career. He attended Lincoln College, Oxford, but left, without waiting for his degree, to take his place as a page in the retinue of the Duchess of Richmond. From her service he passed to that of Lord Brooke where he remained till the murder of the latter in 1628. In 1629 he produced his first play, the tragedy of *Albovine*. This seemed to please the people and he soon sprang into public recognition and, in conjunction with Inigo Jones, he engaged in the production of court masques. One of them, *Britannia Triumphalis*, was suppressed because—the Puritans then coming into power—the first performance was given on Sunday.

On the death of Ben Jonson in 1637, Davenant was made poet-laureate. Shortly after this event, he collected his minor lyrical pieces and published them under title of *Madagascar and other Poems*.

In 1639, he became manager of the new Drury Lane Theatre, but the promising career thus opened was checked by the breaking out of the civil war. He was apprehended by the Parliamentarians for his adhesion to the Royal party, and he was imprisoned for two months. He then escaped, was recaptured, and again escaped. He then offered his services to the Royalist's cause, and was made Lieutenant-general of ordnance. He took part in the Battle of Naseby, where his brave conduct resulted in his being knighted by the King. After this he went to Paris and resumed his literary work. He took command of an expedition to Virginia, was captured by the Parliamentarians and sent to the Tower to await his trial for high treason. But before the projected time for this trial arrived, he was released, supposedly by the intercession of Milton, who, though politically his opponent, appears to have been personally his friend. By reason of some influence, the source of which remains obscure, he succeeded in opening and conducting a playhouse, where, although all playhouses had been suppressed and all dramas forbidden, he produced musical modifications of already existing plays, under the general title of operas. This appears to have been the origin of the opera, at least in England. Not long after, the Restoration left him free from all restraint in regard to the prosecution of his favorite work, and, with the assistance of Inigo Jones, he was the principal agent in the transformation of the simple and unpretentious method of representation of the drama in Elizabethan times to the spectacular and musical splendors of those of Charles II. He died April 17, 1668, and was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. The inscription on his tomb is "*O Rare Sir William D'Avenant.*"

It requires great stretching of the term "poet" to make it applicable to D'Avenant. The modifications of early plays were evidently intended to be poetic in form, as a rule, and they were written mainly in two forms, one a weak rhyming style, the other, which he probably considered blank-verse, for example—it

Was simply prose divided into lines  
Of ten syllables each, a capital  
Commencing each line, like this.

His service to the English stage was of another and entirely different kind.

It is not surprising that after the rigors and restraints of the Puritan regime, there should have succeeded the period of license, revelling in mere



sensuous beauty of sight and sound, upon which my co-editors in this Series have so aptly spoken; such is human history. This demand D'Avenant met. Whether this was a development or a degradation of the simpler production of the Elizabethan and Jacoban stage still remains a subject for debate; but there can be no doubt that beauty, appealing to the eye or ear is in itself desirable. And it is not too much to say that in meeting the current demand he became the originator of modern spectacular drama. He converted the works of Shakespeare and the other early masters into musical spectacular performances. We often criticise the English public of the Restoration Period for preferring the transformation of the master works of Shakespeare in the course of which nearly all the poetry, the wit, the humour, the humanity, have disappeared, to the superb original productions of the master. But, perhaps a moment's thought would supply an explanation. We must remember the cruel suppression of ordinary human instincts during the period of the Commonwealth, and the natural reaction coincident to the removal of that pressure. Even to-day, which we consider a more intellectual and enlightened time, a brilliant musical comedy with gorgeous spectacular effects, not a line of which is worth putting into print, brings more dollars to the box-office than the most perfectly performed Shakespearean play. If any further explanation is necessary, it is supplied by Pepys. In his diary under date of 18th of February, 1661-2: "I went to the opera, and saw the "Law against Lovers," a good play, and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the losse of Roxahana would spoil the house."

It is usually stated that the present tragi-comedy is "composed out of two of Shakespeare's plays, Measure for Measure and Much Ado About Nothing". How far this statement is true may be judged by the parallel texts. It will be seen that it is true to a very slight degree. To be sure the names of the characters are retained and the general outline preserved of the main plot of Measure for Measure and the secondary plot of Much Ado is also used. All the poetry, wit, humour and eloquence of these truly great plays have disappeared. We have no Dogberry, no Verges, no Elbow. All the scenes, sparkling with fun, are eliminated, as are all the eloquence of Isabella and the bright gaiety and mirth of Beatrice.

There is little to be said about the "Law against Lovers". Its relation to the Shakespeare plays is shown by the text. Its main value to us is that it is a help to obtain some knowledge of the Restoration stage, which, if not

entirely dependent upon "dumb show and noise," was at least so upon music and "Carpentry and French."

"Measure for Measure" is founded on a novel of Cinthio: *Deca, Ottava, Novella* 5. There is a similar story in Goulart's "*Histoires Admirables de Notre Temps*," tome i. p. 216, and in Lipsii *Monita*, l. ij, c. 9, p. 125. Pope calls attention to the fact that "Measure for Measure is taken from Cinthio's novels, dec. 8, nov. 5." Warburton, in his desire for "accuracy," expanded these contractions thus: "December 8, November 5!" Another modified version of Measure for Measure appeared in 1700, supposed to be by Gilden, published in quarto, with the title *MEASURE FOR MEASURE, OR BEAUTY THE BEST ADVOCATE, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY MR. SHAKESPEARE; AND NOW VERY MUCH ALTERED; WITH ADDITIONS OF SEVERAL ENTERTAINMENTS OF MUSICK. LONDON: PRINTED FOR D. BROWN, AT THE BLACK SWAN WITHOUT TEMPLE BAR; AND R. PARKER AT THE VNICORN UNDER THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN CORNHILL, 1700.*"

Langbaine notes in regard to *Much Ado About Nothing*, "All that I have to remark is, that the contrivance of Borachio, in behalf of John the Bastard to make Claudio jealous of Hero, by the assistance of her waiting woman, Margaret, is borrowed from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*." A like story is told by Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* book ij, Canto 4.

The part of title-page of the 1700 edition of Measure for Measure;—"With Additions of Several Entertainments, of Musick" gives us again an inkling of the popular taste which led to the Restoration drama, and further indications can be derived from Pepy's comments on *Macbeth* as remodeled by Davenant.

On the 7th of January, 1666-7 he "saw *Macbeth*, which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy, being most proper here and suitable."

Downes writes thus of *Macbeth*, when acted at the Theatre in Dorset Garden "The tragedy of *Macbeth*, altered by Sir William Davenant, being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it, it being all excellently performed, *being in the nature of an opera* it recompensed double the expense it proves still a lasting play (*Roscius Anglicana* p 33). Evidently divertisement was what was looked for then.

For the eye of that—numerically at least—respectable division of Shakespeare students that find more or less trace of Baconian authorship in the Plays I may call attention to the contention of some that *Measure for Measure* appears to have been written with a purpose; and that purpose to urge the wiping of obsolete Statutes from the Statute book. This was a favorite reform of Lord Chancellor Bacon's. In his "Essay of Judicature" he writes: "Judges must beware of Hard Constructions and Strained Inferences. For there is no worse Torture than the Torture of Laws. Specially in case of Laws penal they ought to have care that that which was meant for terrour be not turned into rigour, and that they bring not upon the people that shower of which the Scripture speaketh: *Pluēt super eos laqueos*. For penal laws pressed are a shower of snares upon the people. Therefore let penal laws if they have been sleepers of long, or if they be grown unfit for the present time, be-by wise judges-confined in the Execution. *Judicis officium est ut res ita tempora rerum*. In cases of life and death Judges ought (as far as the law permitteth) in Justice to remember Mercy and to cast a severe eye upon the Example, but a merciful eye upon the Person.'"

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I must not pretend however, that I exactly share in all the harsh things our modern critics say of Sir William D'Avenant. Doubtless he was no Shakespeare. But who is a Shakespeare? To quote once more: "Within that circle no durst walk but he." Rail as we will, we cannot rail the seal off the bond that D'Avenant gave to Posterity to carry Shakespeare through the age that pretended to regard him as an archaic Barbarian! The idea of so perpetuating him was original with Sir William D'Avenant, and was performed to the letter. He did perpetuate the Greatest of Dramatists even until Garrick's date, since when there has been no other Master! As to the parallelization, or rather the want of it, in these pages. It will be noticed that D'Avenant makes but one scene to an Act. This may mean something to those who reflect that the reason why there were so many changes of scenes called for in a Shakespeare play was simply because there was no scenery to change, and so no changes of scene at all! Except to the mind's eye the Six scenes in the fourth Act of *Measure For Measure* (and many Acts in the 1623 Plays run to many more than six), or perhaps by hanging out a placard, or a change of position of the Actors—introduced by "Let us go to the Town's End," and, "Now we are at the town's end," etc., (the opposite

side of the stage) there was no reason for any limit to the number of scenes in an Act. Following, therefore, the example of my learned co-editors, Mr. Kilbourne and Mr. Smith, I have not wearied the reader even by setting off against space the passages or paraphrases of passages from the MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, so freely used by D'Avenant to supplement and weave anew the story of THE LAW AGAINST LOVERS. And as to this (which is another unpardonable sin for which poor Sir William is, it seems never to be forgiven) even as to this I say, with my adieux, sinful as he was, he did what he attempted to do; and perhaps, had we been Restoration Dramatists—with the same problems and the same purposes as he had, and knowing our audiences then, as we certainly do not know his audiences to-day, who can guess how happy or how unlucky we might have been in the verdicts of Posterity!

B. FRANK CARPENTER.

Tribes Hill, Fulton County,  
New York, August 1st, 1908.





MEASVRE, FOR MEASVRE.



THE  
LAW  
Against Lovers.  
A  
COMEDY

As it is now Acted

AT HIS

HIGHNESS

THE

Duke of York's Theatre.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Macock, for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the  
Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange.

M. DC. LXXVI.



## THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

*Vincentio: the Duke.*

*Angelo, the Deputie.*

*Escalus, an ancient Lord.*

*Claudio, a yong Gentleman.*

*Lucio, a fantastique.*

*2. Other like Gentlemen.*

*Prouoft.*

Thomas. { 2. Friers.

Peter. }

*Elbow, a fimple Constable.*

*Froth, a foolish Gentleman.*

*Clowne.*

*Abhorson, an Executioner.*

*Barnardine, a diffolute prisoner.*

*Ifabella, sister to Claudio.*

*Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.*

*Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.*

*Francisca, a Nun.*

*Mistris Ouer-don, a Bawd.*

*The Scene Vienna.*



## THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS.

The Duke of *Savoy*.

Lord *Angelo*, his Deputy.

*Benedict*, Brother to *Angelo*.

*Lucio*

| His Friends.

*Balthazar*

*Eſchalus*, a Counſellor.

*Claudio*, in love with *Julietta*

*Provost*.

Fryer *Thomas*.

*Bernardine*, a Priſoner.

Jaylor.

Fool.

Hangman.

Pages.

*Beatrice*, a great Heireſs

*Iſabella*, Siſter to *Claudio*.

*Julietta*, Miſtreſs to *Claudio*.

*Viola*, Siſter to *Beatrice*; very young.

*Franciſca*, a Nun.

Scene *Turin*.

ACTVS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Denter Duke, Escalus, Lords.*

*Duke.*

*Scalus.*

**E** *Esc.* My Lord.

*Duk.* Of Government, the properties to vnfold,  
 Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse,  
 Since I am put to know, that your owne Science  
 Exceeds (in that) the lifts of all aduice  
 My strength can giue you: Then no more remaines  
 But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
 And let them worke: The nature of our People,  
 Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes  
 For Common Iustice, y' are as pregnant in  
 As Art, and practice, hath enriched any  
 That we remember: There is our Commission,  
 From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,  
 I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:  
 What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.  
 For you must know, we haue with speciall foule  
 Elected him our absence to supply;  
 Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue,  
 And giuen his Deputation all the Organs  
 Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

*Esc.* If any in *Vienna* be of worth  
 To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,  
 It is Lord *Angelo*.

*Enter Angelo.*

*Duk.* Looke where he comes.

*Ang.* Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,  
 I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke. Angelo:*

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,  
 That to th' obseruer, doth thy history  
 Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings  
 Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste  
 Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:

*Enter Duke, Angelo, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I 'M fure in this your science does exceed  
The meafures of advice; and to your skill,  
By deputation, I refolve to leave a while  
My place and ftrengh.

*Ang.* Your Highnefs does amaze me with your truft.

*Duke* Your Brother will be here to night; and brings  
His fhare of Victory and fair renown.

That Victory gives me now free leifure to  
Purfue my old defign of travelling;  
Whilft, hiding what I am, in fit difguife,  
I may compare the Customs, prudent Laws,  
And managements of foreign States with ours.

*Ang.* Your Highnefs has a plenteous choice of men,  
Whom you may here depute with more fuccefs,  
Than my abilities can promife.

*Duke.* Here, take our Commiffion—  
In which we have enabled you with all  
The fev'ral ftrenghs and organs of my Pow'r:  
Your youth may bear that weight, which tires my Age.

*Ang.* In this acceptance, Sir, I do with fome  
Unwillingnefs obey your pleafure.

*Duke.* Heaven does with us, as we with Torches do,  
Not light them for themfelves, but others ufe.  
For if our virtues go not forth of us,  
It were alike as if we had them not.  
Be thou at full our felf, whilft we are abfent  
From our Seat in *Turin*.

*Ang.* Sir, I could wifh  
There were more tryal of my mettle made,  
Before fo noble and fo great  
A Figure as your own be ftampt on it.

*Duke.* No more evafion,  
I have proceeded towards you with choice,  
Sufficiently prepar'd. Good *Efchalus*  
Your ceremony now of taking leave

[*Enter Efchalus.*

Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,  
 Not light them for themfelues: For if our vertues  
 Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike  
 As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely tonch'd,  
 But to fine iffues: nor nature neuer lends  
 The fmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,  
 But like a thrifty goddeſſe, ſhe determines  
 Her ſelfe the glory of a creditour,  
 Both thanks, and uſe; but I do bend my ſpeech  
 To one that can my part in him aduertife;  
 Hold therefore *Angelo*:  
 In our remoue, be thou at full, our ſelfe:  
 Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*  
 Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Eſcalus*  
 Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.  
 Take thy Commiſſion.

*Ang.* Now good my Lord  
 Let there be ſome more teſt, made of my mettle,  
 Before ſo noble, and ſo great a figure  
 Be ſtamp't vpon it.

*Duk.* No more euafion:  
 We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice  
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:  
 Our haſte from hence is of ſo quicke condition,  
 That it prefers it ſelfe, and leaues vnqueſtion'd  
 Matters of needful value: We ſhall write to you  
 As time, and our concernings ſhall importune,  
 How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know  
 What doth befall you here. So fare you well:  
 To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,  
 Of your Commiſſions.

*Ang.* Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)  
 That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

*Duk.* My haſte may not admit it,  
 Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe  
 With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine owne,  
 So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes

Must needs be fhort. You know the purpofe of  
My truſt to *Angelo*, who here has my  
Commiffion feal'd.

*Eſch.* Your Highnefs having been  
So long reſolv'd to travel, could not leave  
A Deputation of your Pow'r in better hands.

*Duke.* Farewel! our haſte from hence is fo import.  
You fhall, as time and fit occaſion ſerves,  
Have Letters from us; and I hope to know,  
With equal care, what does befall you here.

*Ang.* Will not your Highnefs give us leave to bring  
You onward on the way?

*Duke.* My haſte permits it not.  
You need not (on mine honour) have to do  
With ſcruple, for your ſcope is as mine own;  
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,  
As to your foul ſeems good. Give me your hand,  
I'll privately away; I love the People;  
But would not on a Stage ſalute the Crowd.  
I never reliſht their applauſe; nor think  
the Prince has true diſcretion who affects it.  
Be kind ſtill to your Brother *Benedick*,  
And give him that reſpect which he  
Hath by his ſhare in Victory deſerv'd.  
Once more farewell.

*Ang.* The Heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes.

*Eſch.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happinefs.

[*Ex* Duke.

*Ang.* I ſhall deſire you *Eſchalus*, to let  
Me have free ſpeech with you: for it concerns  
Me much to ſee the bottom of my place.  
The Duke has left me pow'r, but of what ſtrength  
And nature it will prove, may haply  
Require your friendſhip to confider.

*Eſch.* My Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to withdraw,  
You may command my ſecreſie and ſervice.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Beatrice, Julietta, Viola, Balthazar.

*Beat.* Does Signior Benedick return to night?

As to your foule feemes good: Giue me your hand,  
 Ile priuily away: I loue the people,  
 But doe not like to ftage me to their eyes:  
 Though it doe well, I doe not rellifh well  
 Their lowd applaufe, and Aues vehement:  
 Nor doe I thinke the man of fafe difcretion  
 That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

*Ang.* The heauens giue fafety to your purpofes.

*Efc.* Lead forth, and bring you backe in happineffe.

*Exit.*

*Duk.* I thanke you, fare you well.

*Efc.* I fhall defire you, Sir, to giue me leaue  
 To haue free fpeech with you; and it concerns me  
 To looke into the bottome of my place:  
 A powre I haue, but of what ftrength and nature,  
 I am not yet inftituted.

*Ang.* 'Tis fo with me: Let vs with-draw together,  
 And we may foone our fatisfaction haue  
 Touching that point.

*Efc.* Ile wait vpon your honor.

*Exeunt.*

### *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.*

*Luc.* If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to compofition with the  
 King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. *Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. *Gent.* Amen.

*Luc.* Thou eonclud'ft like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to fea with  
 the ten Commandements, but fcrap'd one out of the Table.

2. *Gent.* Thou fhalt not Steale?

*Luc.* I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all  
 the reft from their functions; they put forth to fteale: There's not a Souldier  
 of vs all, that in the thankf-giuing before meate, do rallifh the petition well,  
 that praies for peace.

2. *Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier diflike it.

*Luc.* I beleeeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was faid.



*Balt.* We may expect him presently. He brings  
A share of conquest with him, and intends  
To make a modest Entry here by stealth:  
But he is still as pleasant as you left him.

*Beat.* How many has he kill'd, and eaten, in  
These Wars? but pray, how many has he kill'd?  
For I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

*Balt.* He has done great service in these Wars, Lady.

*Beat.* Sure you had musty victual then;  
And he has helpt to eat it. I know, Sir,  
He is a valiant Trencher-man, and has  
A good stomach.

*Balt.* He is a good Souldier, Lady.

*Beat.* A good Souldier  
To a Lady, but what is he to a Lord?

*Balt.* A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man:  
Stuft with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* He is, indeed, no less than a stuft man.  
But for the stuffing——Well, we are all mortal.

*Jul.* Do not mistake my Cousin *Beatrice*, Sir,  
There is a kind of a merry war between  
Count *Benedick* and her: they never met,  
But there is a skirmish of wit between 'em.

*Beat.* He got nothing by that. In our last encounter  
Four of his five wits did go halting off;  
And now the whole man is govern'd by one.  
I pray, Sir, who's his Companion now? for he was wont,  
Every Month to have a new sworn Brother.

*Balt.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very possible.  
He wears his faith but as the fashion of  
His Hat; it still changes with the next Block.

*Balt.* Madam, the Gentleman is not in your Books.

*Viol.* If he were, I have heard my Sister say  
She would burn her Study.

*Balt.* Small Mistrefs, have you learnt that in your Primer?  
This, Madam, is your pretty Bud of wit.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gent.* What? In meeter?

*Luc.* In any proportion: or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

*Luc.* I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controuerfie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

*Luc.* I grant: as there may between the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. *Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

*Luc.* I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. *Gent.* I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

*Enter Bawde.*

*Luc.* Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe,  
As come to

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Luc.* Iudge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

*Luc.* A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

*Luc.* Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. *Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

*Bawd.* Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried

*Viol.* A Bud that has some prickles, Sir. Take heed;  
You cannot gather me.

*Beat.* But, Signior *Balthazar*,  
I pray who is Count *Benedicks* Companion?

*Balt.* At idle seasons, Madam, he is pleas'd  
To use no better company than mine.

*Beat.* He will hang on you like a disease,  
He's sooner caught than the Pestilence;  
And the taker does run presently mad.  
Heaven help you *Balthazar*, if you have caught  
The *Benedickt*, for it will cost you more  
Than a thousand pounds to be cur'd.

*Balt.* I wish I may hold friendship with you, Lady.

*Beat.* Y'ave the wit, Sir, to wish for you self.

*Jul.* You'll never run mad Cousin.

*Beat.* Not till a hot *January*.

[Enter Servant.

*Serv.* Madam, your Guardian's Brother, Count *Benedick*,  
Is newly enter'd.

*Beat.* The man of War, having been fleht  
In the last Battel, will bear all before him.  
Let us found a retreat, and hide our selves  
Behind the Hangings, to mark his behaviour.

*Viol.* Dear Sister, let me hide my self too——

[Beatrice, Viola, Juliet, *step behind the Hangings*

*Balt.* O pray do, with a Bongrace from the Sun.  
Madam, I'll leave you to your Ambush.

*Enter Benedick, Efchalus.*

*Ben.* My Brother private in affairs of State?

*Efch.* My Lord, he's at this instant much reserv'd;  
But, when I shall acquaint him you are here,  
He will dismiss his business to receive,  
And welcome you?

*Ben.* Signior *Efchalus*, I thank you: but it  
Is fit our private love should give free way  
To service which concerns the publick profit.  
I am, Sir, in some trouble, that I could  
Not have the happiness of paying my

away: and which is more, within theſe three daies his head to be chop'd off.

*Luc.* But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

*Bawd.* I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with child.

*Luc.* Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres ſince, and he was euer precise in promiſe keeping.

2. *Gent.* Befides you know, it drawes ſomthing neere to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1. *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

*Luc.* Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

*Exit.*

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war; what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-fhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

*Enter Clovew.*

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to priſon.

*Baw.* Well: what has he done?

*Clo.* A Woman.

*Baw.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

*Baw.* What? is there a maid with child by him?

*Clo.* No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

*Baw.* What proclamation, man?

*Clov.* All howies in the Suburbs of Vienna muſt bee pluck'd downe.

*Bawd.* And what ſhall become of thoſe in the Citie?

*Clov.* They ſhall ſtand for feed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

*Bawd.* But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

*Clov.* To the ground, Miſtris.

*Bawd.* Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what ſhall become of me?

*Clov.* Come: feare not you: good Counſellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapſter ſtill; courage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almoſt out in the ſeruice, you will bee confidered.

*Bawd.* What's to doe heere, *Thomas Tapſter*? let's withdraw?

Obedience to his Highness e're he went.  
Will he be absent long?

*Efch.* That is unknown  
Even to your Brother *Angelo*; who is his full  
Vicegerent here, and hath receiv'd commands  
To let you taste his Pow'r, to every use  
That can procure you any benefit,  
In memory of your last service.

[*Enter Lucio.*

*Luc.* My Lord you are most happily return'd,  
And met with all the joys we can express.

*Ben.* *Lucio*, I am much pleas'd to see you well;  
It gives me hope that I shall have but few  
Sad Evenings here in *Turin*, if the  
Beauties which I left be not quite wither'd,  
Their Voices crack, and their Lutes hung on Willows.

*Luc.* My Lord, I am not only hasten'd hither by  
My Love to be the first that shall congratulate  
Your good success abroad, but to entreat  
Your aid at home. If you will please but to  
Take leave of that grave Magistrate a while,  
I shall deliver you a message from mankind.

*Ben.* How, *Lucio*? That is of concern indeed.  
Signior, I shall beseech you to observe  
My Brother's leisure, that I may attend him.

*Efch.* Your Lordship is most welcome to *Turin*

[*Exit Efchalus.*

*Ben.* Now, *Lucio*, speak your affair from that great  
Common-Wealth which sent you, Mankind.

*Balth.* They are too many for you to enquire  
Particularly after their healths; therefore  
He may without Ceremony proceed.

*Luc.* You have heard of the Supreme Pow'r plac'd in  
Count *Angelo* your brother?

*Ben.* I have, *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Under your favour, Sir,  
I may say the beginning of his rule  
Is not pleasing to the best sort of men,  
He deals very hardly with Lovers.

*Clo.* Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouost to prifon: and there's  
Madam *Iuliet*. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.*

*Cla.* Fellow, why do'ft thou shew me thus to th'world?

Bear me to prifon, where I am committed.

*Pro.* I do it not in euill difpofition,  
But from Lord *Angelo* by fpeciall charge.

*Cla.* Thus can the demy-god (Authority)  
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight  
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,  
On whom it will not (foe) yet ftill 'tis iuft.

*Luc.* Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint.

*Cla.* From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) *Liberty*  
As furfet is the father of much fast,  
So euery Scope by the immoderate vse  
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe purfue  
Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,  
A thirfty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

*Luc.* If I could fpeake fo wifely vnder an arrefst, I would fend for certaine  
of my Creditors: and yet, to fay the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of  
freedome, as the mortality of imprifonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

*Cla.* What (but to fpeake of) would offend againe.

*Luc.* What, is't murder?

*Cla.* No.

*Luc.* Lecherie?

*Cla.* Call it fo.

*Pro.* Away, Sir, you muft goe.

*Cla.* One word, good friend:

*Lucio*, a word with you.

*Luc.* A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* fo look'd after?

*Cla.* Thus ftands it with me: vpon a true contract  
I got poffeffion of *Iuliet* as bed,  
You know the Lady, fhe is faft my wife,



*Ben.* I am forry to hear that of a Brother.

*Luc.* My Lord, I am more forry to report it.  
He has already reviv'd an old Law,  
Which condemns any man to death, who gets,  
Being unmarry'd, a Woman with Child.

*Ben.* How *Lucio*? does he mean to govern like  
The Tyrant Turk, with Ev'nuchs of his Council?

*Luc.* You must affwage the choler of his wisdom,  
And put him in mind that men are frail.

*Ben.* This business, *Balthazar*, requires our care;  
For we have professed against the bonds  
Of marriage, and he, restraining  
The liberty of Lovers, the good Duke  
When he returns, will find no Children left  
In *Turin*.

*Luc.* For my part, Sir,  
I only fear the destruction of Learning;  
For if there be no Children, farewell Grammar-Schools.

*Ben.* Come, we must fit in Council, *Balthazar*,  
Increase our party, and still defy marriage.

*Beat.* We cannot hear 'em, *Juliet*; let us enter. [*Enter Beat. Jul. Viol.*]

*Ben.* My dear Lady disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Can disdain dye when she has so fit food  
To feed it as *Benedick*?

*Ben.* I am belov'd of all Ladies, only  
You excepted; and I am forry they must lose  
Their sighs; for I have a hard heart,  
And can love none.

*Beat.* A happiness to Women; who would else  
Be troubled with a most pernicious Suitor?  
But I can answer your humour; for I  
Had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow,  
Than a Man swear he loves me.

*Ben.* Keep in that mind, Lady, for then some of my  
Friends may scape a predestinate scratcht face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse,  
If it were such a Face as *Benedick*'s.

Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke  
 Of outward Order. This we came not to,  
 Onely for propogation of a Dowre  
 Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,  
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue  
 Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanceth  
 The ftealth of our most mutuall entertainment  
 With Character too grosse, is writ on *Iuliet*.

*Luc.* With childe, perhaps?

*Cla.* Vnhappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,  
 Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,  
 Or whether that the body publique, be  
 A horse whereon the Gouernor doth ride,  
 Who newly in the Seate, that it may know  
 He can command; lets it ftrait feele the spur:  
 Whether the Tirranny be in his place,  
 Or in his Eminence that fills it vp  
 I ftagger in: But this new Gouernor  
 Awakes me all the inrolled penalties  
 Which haue (like vn-fcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall  
 So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,  
 And none of them beene worne; and for a name  
 Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act  
 Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

*Luc.* I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that  
 a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may figh it off: Send after the Duke, and  
 appeale to him.

*Cla.* I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.  
 I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde seruice:  
 This day, my fifter should the Clayfter enter,  
 And there receiue her approbation.  
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state,  
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends  
 To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him,  
 I haue great hope in that: for in her youth  
 There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,



*Ben.* You are a rare Parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A Bird of my tongue, is better than a Beast of yours.

*Ben.* I would my Horse had the speed of your Tongue;  
But keep your way: I have done.

*Beat.* *Juliet*, he always ends with a Jades trick.

*Jul.* The Gentleman's wit is tir'd after furring.

*Vio.* Y'are welcome home my Lord. Have you brought  
Any Pendants, and fine Fans, from the Wars?

*Ben.* What my sweet Bud, you are grown to a Bloffom!

*Vio.* My Sifter has promis'd me that I shall be  
A woman, and that you shall make love to me,  
When you are old enough to have a Wife.

*Ben.* This is not a chip of the old Block, but will prove  
A smart Twig of the young Branch. [Enter Efch, and Serv.

*Efch.* Lord *Angelo* expects you, Sir, and this  
Fair Company. [Ex. Beat. Ben. Balth. Jul. Efch. Vio.

*Serv.* Signior *Claudio*, now under an Arrest,  
Desires to speak with you.

*Luc.* How! under Arrest? The Governour's house  
Is no proper place for a Prisoners visit.  
Pray favour me so much as to tell him that  
I'll come down to receive his commands.

[Ex. Serv. Luc.

*Enter Provost, Claudio, Officers.*

*Claud.* Thus can the Demi-god Authority make  
Us pay down for our offence by weight

[Enter Lucio.

*Luc.* *Claudio*! how now! from whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty.  
As Surfet is the father of a Fast,  
So Liberty by the immoderate use,  
Turns to restraint. Our Nature does pursue  
An evil Thirst, and when we drink we dye.

*Luc.* If I could speak as wifely under Arrest,  
I would fend for some of my Creditors;  
Yet (to say truth) I had rather enjoy  
The foppery of freedom, than the wife  
*Morality* of Imprisonment. What  
Is thy offence *Claudio*?

Such as moue men: befide, fhe hath prosperous Art  
When fhe will play with reafon, and difcource,  
And well fhe can perfwade.

*Luc.* I pray fhee may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which  
elfe would ftand vnder greeuous impofition: as for the enjoying of thy life,  
who I would be forry fhould bee thus foolifhly loft, at a game of ticke-tacke;  
Ile to her.

*Cla.* I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Within two houres.

*Cla.* Come Officer, away.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.*

*Duk.* No: holy Father, throw away that thought,  
Beleeue not that the dribbling dart of Loue  
Can pierce a compleat bofome: why, I defire thee  
To giue me fecret harbour, hath a purpofe  
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends  
Of burning youth.

*Fri.* May your Grace fpeake of it?

*Duk.* My holy Sir, none better knowes then you  
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued  
And held in idle price, to haunt affemblies  
Where youth, and coft, witleffe brauery keeps.  
I haue deliuered to Lord *Angelo*

(A man of ftricture and firme abftinence)

My abfolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,

And he fupposes me trauaild to *Poland*,

(For fo I haue ftrewd it in the common eare)

And fo it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)

You will demand of me, why I do this.

*Fri.* Gladly, my Lord.

*Duk.* We haue ftrict Statutes, and moft biting Laws,  
(The needfull bits and curbes to headftiong weedes,) Which for this fourteene yeares, we haue let flip,  
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue

*Claud.* To speak of it were to offend again.

*Luc.* What is it, Murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Luc.* I believe 'tis that which the precise call Incontinence.

*Claud.* You may call it so.

[*Enter Balthazar.*

*Bal.* I am told Claudio is Arrested.

*Luc.* 'Tis too true, *Balthazar.*

*Bal.* What is his crime?

*Luc.* Lord *Angelo* has taught us so much modesty,  
That I am ashamed to name it.

*Balth.* What, is there a Maid with Child by him?

*Luc.* No, but I fear there is a Woman with Maid by him.

*Prov.* Signior, I shall offend if you stay here :  
Be pleas'd to go.

*Claud.* *Provost*, allow me but a few words more.

*Luc.* Pray *Claudio* speak your mind : we are your friends.

*Claud.* I grieve to tell you, Gentlemen, that I  
Have got possession of *Julietta's* bed.  
She is my Wife by sacred vows, and by  
A contract seal'd with form of witnesses.  
But we the ceremony lack of marriage,  
And that, unhappily, we did defer  
Only for the assurance of a Dowry,  
Remaining in the Coffers of her Friends ;  
From whom we thought it fit to hide our love,  
Till time had master'd their consent to it.  
But so it happens, that  
Our oft stoln pleasure is now writ  
With Characters too gross in *Juliet*.

*Bal.* With Child perhaps.

*Claud.* 'Tis so ;

And the new Deputy  
Awakens all the enroll'd penalties,  
Which have been Nineteen years unread, and makes  
Me feel the long neglected punishment,  
By such a Law, as three days after  
Arrest, requires the forfeit of my head.

That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond Fathers,  
 Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,  
 Onely to fticke it in their childrens fight,  
 For terror, not to vse : in time the rod  
 More mock'd, then fear'd. fo our Decrees,  
 Dead to infliction, to themfelues are dead,  
 And libertie, plucks Iuftice by the nofe :  
 The Baby beates the Nurfe, and quite athwart  
 Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It refted in your Grace  
 To vnloof this tyde-vp Iuftice, when you pleas'd :  
 And it in you more dreadful would haue seem'd  
 Then in Lord *Angelo*.

*Duk.* I doe feare : too dreadfull :  
 Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people fcope,  
 'Twould be my tirrany to ftrike and gall them,  
 For what I bid them doe : For, we bid this be done  
 When euill deedes haue their permiiffiue paffe,  
 And not the punifhment : therefore indeede (my father)  
 I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,  
 Who may in th'ambuifh of my name, ftrike home,  
 And yet, my nature neuer in the fight  
 To do in flander : And to behold his fway  
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,  
 Vifit both Prince, and People : Therefore I pre'thee  
 Supply me with the habit, and inftrect me  
 How I may formally in perfon beare  
 Like a true *Frier* : Moe reafons for this action  
 At our more leysure, fhall I render you :  
 Onely, this one : Lord *Angelo* is precise,  
 Stands at a guard with Enuie : fcarce confeffes  
 That his blood flowes : or that his appetite  
 Is more to bread then ftone : hence fhall we fee  
 If power change purpofe : what our Seemers be.

*Exit.*

*Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Ifabell and Francisca a Nun.*

*Luc.* Thy head stands now so flightly  
On thy shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she  
Be in love, may figh it off.

*Bal. Lucio*, you are a stranger to Lord *Angelo*,  
But I well know the forenefs of his Soul:  
And I was told in passing to you hither,  
That *Juliet* is Arrested in his house,  
And forc'd from the protection of  
The Lady *Beatrice* his fair Ward.

*Luc.* I like it not: send quickly to the Duke,  
And then appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so; but he's not to be found.  
I prethee, *Lucio*, lend me thy assistance;  
This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,  
And there receive her approbation.  
Acquaint her with the danger I am in.  
Implore her in my name, that she make friends  
To the strict Deputy: she must herself assay him;  
I have great hope in that; for in her youth  
There is a sweet and speechless dialect,  
Such as moves men; and well she can persuade.

*Luc.* I wish she may. I would be loth  
That any of my friends should foolishly  
Play away their lives at a Game of Tick-tack.

*Bal.* We will both to her presently.

*Claud.* Come Officers, away!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke and Fryer Thomas.*

*Duke.* No, Holy Father; throw away that thought;  
Love's too tender to dwell in my cold bosom,  
I desire you to give me secret harbour,  
For a design more grave and wrinkled than  
The aims of giddy youth can have.

*Fryer.* May your Grace speak of it?

*Duke.* None, Holy Father, better knows than you,  
How I have ever lik'd a life retir'd;  
And still have weary of Assemblies been,  
Where witless youth comes drest to be ador'd.

*Ifa.* And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?

*Nun.* Are not theſe large enough?

*Ifa.* Yes truely; I ſpeake not as deſiring more,  
But rather wiſhing a more ſtriſt reſtraint  
Vpon the Siſterſtood, the Botariſts of Saint *Clare*.

*Lucio within.*

*Luc.* Hoa? peace be in this place.

*Ifa.* Who's that which calſ?

*Nun.* It is a mans voice: gentle *Ifabella*  
Turne you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;  
You may; I may not: you are yet vnſworne:  
When you haue vowd, you muſt not ſpeake with men,  
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;  
Then if you ſpeake, you muſt not ſhow your face;  
Or if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeake.  
He calſ againe: I pray you anſwere him.

*Ifa.* Peace and proſperitie: who is't that calſ?

*Luc.* Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheeke-Roſes  
Proclaime you are no leſſe: can you ſo ſteed me,  
As bring me to the ſight of *Ifabella*,  
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Siſter  
To her vnhappy brother *Claudio*?

*Ifa.* Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aſke,  
The rather for I now muſt make you know  
I am that *Ifabella*, and his Siſter.

*Luc.* Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;  
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.

*Ifa.* Woe me; for what?

*Luc.* For that, which if my ſelfe might be his Iudge,  
He ſhould receiue his puniſhment, in thankes:  
He hath got his friend with childe.

*Ifa.* Sir, make me not your ſtorie.

*Luc.* 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,  
With Maids to ſeeme the Lapwing, and to leſt  
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:  
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fainted,  
By your renouncement, an imortall ſpirit

I have deliver'd to Lord *Angelo*  
 (A man of strictness, and firm abstinence)  
 My absolute pow'r and place herein *Turin*;  
 And he believes me travelling to *Spain*;  
 Now (pious Sir) you will demand of me  
 Why I did this?

*Fryer*. I fain would know.

*Duke*. We have strict Statutes, and chastising Laws,  
 Which I have suffer'd Nineteen years to sleep,  
 Even like an o'regrown Lyon in a Cave  
 That goes not out to Prey. But as fond Fathers  
 Bind up the threatening Rod, and stick it in  
 Their Childrens fight, for terror more than use,  
 Till it in time become more markt than fear'd;  
 So our decrees, dead to infliction, to  
 Themselves are dead, and froward liberty,  
 Does Justice strike, as Infants beat the Nurse.

*Fryer*. This ty'd-up Justice, Sir, you might have soon  
 Let loose, which would have seem'd more dreadful  
 Than in *Angelo*

*Duke*. Too dreadful, Sir. For since  
 It was my fault to give the People scope,  
 It may seem tyranny to punish them,  
 For what I bid them act. We do no less  
 Than bid unlawful actions to be done,  
 When evil deeds have their permissive Pass.

*Fry*. I am convinc'd.

*Duke*. I have on *Angelo* impos'd  
 Th'unpleasant pow'r of punishing; who may  
 Within the Ambush of my name,——strike home.  
 And to behold how he does rule, I will,  
 As if I were a Brother of your Order,  
 Visit both Prince and People. Therefore, I pray,  
 Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me how  
 I may in person a true Fryar seem.  
 I can allow you no more reasons for  
 This action now, than that Lord *Angelo*





Stands at a Guard with Envy, and does scarce  
 Confess that his blood flows;  
 The Man seems singular, but we shall see,  
 If Pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Isabella, and Francisca a Nun.*

*I/a.* But have you Nuns no further privilege?

*Nun.* Are not these large enough?

*I/a.* They are; I speak not as desiring more,  
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
 Were on the Sisterhood vow'd to Saint *Clare*.

*Luc.* Ho! peace be in this place!

[*Lucio, Balthazar within.*

*Ifab.* Who is it that does call?

*Nun.* It is a man's voice. Gentle *Isabella*,  
 Pray turn the Key, and know his business of him:  
 You may, I may not; you are yet unworn.  
 When you have vow'd you must not speak with men,  
 But in the presence of the Priores;  
 Then if you speak, you must not shew your face;  
 Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.

*Luc.* Ho! the Sisterhood.

*Nun.* He calls again; I pray you answer him.

*Ifab.* Peace and Prosperity. Who is't that calls?

[*Enter Luc. Balt.*

*Luc.* Hail Virgin! please you befriend us so,  
 As to permit us to the sight of *Ifabell*,  
 A novice of this place, and Sister to  
 Young Claudio, her unhappy Brother.

*Ifab.* Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask;  
 The rather since I now must make it known  
 I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

*Luc.* Gentle, and fair; your Brother kindly greets you.

*Bal.* We cannot, *Lucio*, come too suddenly  
 With sorrows to a mind prepar'd; 'tis fit  
 You tell her that her Brother is in Prison.

*Ifab.* Ay me! for what?

*Luc.* For that which cannot be excus'd;  
 And yet, perhaps if he were try'd  
 By Judges not much older than himself,

And to be talk'd with in fincerity,  
As with a Saint.

*Ifa.* You doe blasphemè the good, in mocking me.

*Luc.* Doe not beleue it; fewnes, and truth; tis thus,  
Your brother, and his louèr haue embrac'd;  
As those that feed, grow full: as blooming Time  
That from the feednes, the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foison: euen so her plenteous wombe  
Expreffeth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

*Ifa.* Some one with childe by him? my cofen *Iuliet*?

*Luc.* Is *she* your cofen?

*Ifa.* Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names  
By vaine, though apt affection.

*Luc.* She it is.

*Ifa.* Oh, let him marry her.

*Luc.* This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)  
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,  
By those that know the very Nerues of State,  
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance  
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,  
(And with full line of his authority)  
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood  
Is very know-broth: one, who neuer feelles  
The wanton ftings, and motions of the fence;  
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge  
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast  
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,  
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,  
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,  
Vnder whose heauy fence, your brothers life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,  
And followes close the rigor of the Statute  
To make him an example: all hope is gone,  
Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier  
To soften *Angelos* And that's my pith of businesse

Would have an easie punishment. He has,  
I hope unwillingly, got his friend with Child.

*If.* Sir, make me not your scorn.

*Luc.* I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,  
To jest with Maids, play with all Virgins fo.  
I hold you as a thing inhrind'd, and to  
Be talkt with as a Saint in all sincerity.

*If.* You hurt the good in mocking me.

*Bal.* Believe what he has said is truth.

*Ifab.* Some one with Child by him? my Coufin *Juliet*?

*Luc.* Is she your Coufin?

*Ifab.* Adoptedly, as School-maids change their names.

*Luc.* She it is.

*Ifab.* Let him marry her.

*Bal.* Marry'd, they are in fight of Heaven, though not  
With such apparent forms, as makes the Law  
Approve and witness it.

*Luc.* The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
And with full force of his authority,  
Lord *Angelo* now Rules; a man whose blood  
Is very Snow-broth, one who never feels  
The wanton motions of the sense; but does  
Rebate and blunt his natural edge,  
With Morals, Lady. He studies much,  
And fasts.

*Balt.* To frighten Libertines (who long haveicap'd,  
And silently have run by th' sleeping face  
Of hideous Law, as Mice by Lyons steal)  
Lord *Angelo* has hastily awak'd  
A dreadful act, under whose heavy sense,  
Your Brothers life falls into desperate forfeit.

*Luc.* All hope is gone, unless you have the grace,  
By moving Prayers, to soften *Angelo*.

*Ifab.* Does he so sternly seek his life?

*Luc.* He has already sentenc'd him, and (as  
I hear) the Provost has a Warrant for  
His Execution.

'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

*Ifa.* Doth he fo,  
Seeke his life?

*Luc.* Has cenfur'd him already,  
And as I heare, the Prouoft hath a warrant  
For's execution.

*Ifa.* Alas: what poore  
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

*Luc.* Affay the powre you haue.

*Ifa.* My power? alas, I doubt.

*Luc.* Our doubts are traitors  
And makes vs loofe the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*  
And let him learne to know, when Maidens fue  
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,  
All their petitions, are as freely theirs  
As they themfelues would owe them.

*Ifa.* Ile fee what I can doe.

*Luc.* But speedily.

*Ifa.* I will about it ftrait;  
No longer ftaying, but to giue the Mother  
Notice of my affairs: I humbly thanke you:  
Commend me to my brother: foone at night  
Ile fend him certaine word of my fucceffe.

*Luc.* I take my leaue of you.

*Ifa.* Goode fir, adieu.

*Exeunt.*

*Ifab.* Alas, what poor abilities  
Have I to do him good?

*Balt.* Make tryal of what pow'r you have.

*Ifab.* My pow'r alas I doubt!

*Luc.* Go to Lord *Angelo*, and let him know,  
When Virgins sue, men give like Gods;  
But when they weep and kneel, no pow'r has then  
So much of Devil in't, as not to yield.

*Ifab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Luc.* But speedily.

*Ifab.* I will about it straight;  
Not staying longer, than to give the Mother  
Notice of my business. I humbly thank you.  
Commend me to my Brother. Soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lur.* We take our leaves.

*Ifab.* Heaven guide you, Gentlemen;  
And so prepare to *Angelo* my way,  
As if Saint *Clare* did prompt me how to pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.*

*Ang.* Me must not make a fear-crow of the Law,  
 Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,  
 And let it keepe one fhape, till custome make it  
 Their pearch, and not their terror.

*E/c.* I, but yet  
 Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little  
 Then fall, and bruife to death: alas, this gentleman  
 Whom I would faue, had a most noble father,  
 Let but your honour know  
 (Whom I beleue to be most ftrait in vertue)  
 That in the working of your owne affections,  
 Had time coheard with Place, or place with wifhing,  
 Or that the resolute ading of our blood  
 Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,  
 Whether you had not sometime in your life  
 Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,  
 And puld the Law vpon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*E/calus*)  
 Another thing to fall: I not deny  
 The Iury passing on the Prifoners life  
 May in the fworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two  
 Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,  
 That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes  
 That theeues do passe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,  
 The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,  
 Because we see it; but what we doe not see,  
 We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.  
 You may not so extenuate his offence,  
 For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me  
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
 Let mine owne Iudgment patterne out my death,  
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Angelo, Benedick.*

Ben.

**B**UT for ill doing, Sir, must *Claudio* dye?

*Ang.* The Law appoints that he  
Who gets a Child unlawfully must dye.

*Ben.* But must a man be requited with death,  
For giving life to another?

*Ang.* We must not make a scare-crow of the Law;  
Setting it up to fright our Birds of prey;  
And let it keep one shape, till custom makes it  
Not their terrour, but their Pearch.

*Ben.* Call, Sir, your own affections to accompt.  
Had time concur'd with place, or place with wishing;  
And had the resolution of your blood,  
Found means t'attain th' effect of your own purpose,  
Perhaps, in some hot season of your life,  
Even you, Sir, would have err'd in that,  
For which you censure him.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Benedick*,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny  
The Jury passing on a Prisoners life,  
May in the sworn twelve, have a Thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try. What knows the Law,  
Whether Thieves pass on Thieves?  
You cannot lesson his offence, because  
I have offended too: but tell me at  
That time, when I, who censure him, do so  
Offend; and my own judgment then shall be  
A pattern for my death. Brother, he must dye.

*Ben.* Sir, when I heard you had the place of Justice,  
I did not think your gravity did mean  
To swagger with her broad Sword. Can Dame Justice  
Become, so soon, so notable a Cutter?

*Ang.* You have leave to be pleasant; but I pray



*Enter Prouoft.*

*Efc.* Be it as your wifdome will.

*Ang.* Where is the *Prouoft*?

*Pro.* Here if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,  
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,  
For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

*Efc.* Well: heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:  
*Some rise by finne, and some by vertue fall:*  
Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,  
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if thefe be good people in a Common-weale,  
that doe nothing but vse their abuses in common houfes, I know no law:  
bring them away.

*Ang.* How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I am the poore Dukes Conftable, and my  
name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iuftice, Sir, and doe bring in here before  
your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?  
Are they not Malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I know not well what they are: But precise  
villaines they are, that I am fure of, and void of all prophanation in the  
world, that good Chriftians ought to haue.

*Efc.* This comes off well: here's a wife Officer.

*Ang.* Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?  
Why do'ft thou not fpeake *Elbow*?

*Clo.* He cannot Sir: he's out at *Elbow*.

*Ang.* What are you Sir?

*Elb.* He Sir: a Tapfter Sir: parcell Baud: one that ferues a bad woman:  
whofe houfe Sir was (as they fay) pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now  
thee profefses a hot-houfe; which, I thinke is a very ill houfe too.

*Efc.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife Sir? whom I deteft before heauen, and your honour.

*Efc.* How? thy wife?

*Elb.* I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honeft woman.



Listen to *Eſchalus*, he'll give you counſel. [Exit, and Enter *Eſchalus*.

*Ben.* Good *Eſchalus*, I ſhould have found you out.

Is there no means to ſave poor *Claudio's* life?

*Eſch.* Your Brother has given order to the Provost,  
To ſee his Execution punctually  
Perform'd, by nine to morrow morning.

*Ben.* A ſhort warning for a terrible long Journey.

*Eſch.* A Confeſſor will be ſent to prepare him.

*Ben.* I'm told, Signior *Eſchalus*, you have counſel for me.

*Eſch.* My Lord, I'll not preſume to call it mine;  
'Tis from your Brother, who does well adviſe,  
That you would pleaſe to think of marriage.  
You know the Lady *Beatrice* was his Ward;  
And now her Wardſhip is expir'd.

*Ben.* Marry?

What to beget Boys for the Headſman?

*Eſch.* Good my Lord, leaving your feverity,  
You needs muſt think her beauty worth your praiſe.

*Ben.* She's too low for a high praiſe, and too little  
For a great praiſe; but thus far I'll commend her;  
Were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were then  
Unhandſom, and being no other but  
As ſhe is, I do not like her.

*Eſch.* My propoſal deſerves a ſteady anſwer.

*Ben.* My Brother, Sir, and I walk ſeveral ways.  
He takes care to deſtroy unlawful Lovers;  
And I'll endeavour to prevent th' increaſe  
Of lawful Cuckolds.

*Eſch.* None of the beauteous Sex can have more virtue,  
Than fair *Beatrice*.

*Ben.* Sir, I ſincerely allow your opinion.  
She is yet very exceedingly virtuous,  
And has a lazineſs towards love: but, Sir,  
She has too much wit, and great Wits will not long  
Lye idle.

*Eſch.* You have too much mirth to have ſuſpicion.

*Ben.* As I will not do Ladies ſo much wrong

*Efc.* Do'ft thou deteft her therefore?

*Elb.* I fay fir, I will deteft my felfe alfo, as well as fhe, that this houfe, if it be not a Bauds houfe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houfe.

*Efc.* How do'ft thou know that Conftable?

*Elb.* Marry fir, but my wife, who, if fhe had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlineffe there.

*Efc.* By the womans meanes?

*Elb.* I fir, by Miftris *Ouer-dons* meanes: but as fhe fpit in his face, fo fhe defide him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honor, this is not fo.

*Elb.* Proue it before thefe varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

*Efc.* Doe you heare how he mifplaces?

*Clo.* Sir, fhe came in great with childe: and longing (fauing your honors reuerence) for ftewd prewyns; fir, we had but two in the houfe, which at that very diftant time, stood, as it were in a fruit difh (a difh of fome three pence; your honours haue feene fuch difhes) they are not China-difhes, but very good difhes.

*Efc.* Go too: go too: no matter for the difh fir.

*Clo.* No indeede fir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I fay, this Miftris *Elbow*, being (as I fay) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I faid) for prewyns: and hauing but two in the difh (as I faid) Mafter *Froth* here, this very man, hauing eaten the reft (as I faid) & (as I fay) paying for them very honeftly: for, as you know Mafter *Froth*, I could not giue you three pence againe.

*Fro.* No indeede.

*Clo.* Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ftones of the forefaid prewyns.

*Fro.* I, fo I did indeede.

*Clo.* Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that fuch a one, and fuch a one, were paft cure of the thing you wot of, vnleffe they kept very good diet, as I told you.

*Fro.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why very well then.

*Efc.* Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpofe: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath caufe to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

To mistrust any, so I'll do my self  
The right to trust none.

*Efch.* This futes not with your Brothers purpose. [Enter Lucio, Balth.

*Ben.* Welcome, are either of you inclin'd to marriage?

*Balt.* How, marriage? it is a noofe for Ninnies;

Do you think I will have a Recheat winded  
In my forehead, or hang my Bugle in  
An invifible Baldrick?

*Luc.* If I ever marry, let mine eyes be  
Pickt out with the Pen of a Ballad-maker,  
And hang me up at the door of a Brothel,  
For the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

*Ben.* You fee, Signior *Efchalus*, my Brother makes  
So many Enemies to propagation,  
That if the Duke ftay long, he may chance find  
A Dominion without Subjects.

*Luc.* If he have any, they will need  
No Governour, for they will all be old  
Enough to govern themselves.

[Enter Beatrice, Viola.

*Ben.* Here comes the Lady *April*, whofe fair face  
Is always incident to fome foul weather.

*Beat.* I wonder you will ftill be talking, *Benedick*;  
No body marks you.

*Ben.* I mean to drink  
*Opium* before I come in your Company,  
That you may excufe my follies,  
With faying, I talk in my fleep.

*Beat.* Where is Lord *Anglo*?

*Efch.* Madam, he is retir'd.

*Beat.* What to his Prayers?  
As Executioners kneel down and ask pardon,  
Before they handle the Axe.

*Ben.* Hale in Maine-Bolin! the ftorm begins!

*Beat.* Heaven fend the good Duke here again! do you  
Not hear, Signior, *Efchalus*, of the Mutiny  
In Town?

*Efch.* No, Madam, is there a Mutiny?

*Clo.* Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

*Efc.* No fir, nor I meane it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leaue: And I befeech you, looke into Maſter *Froth* here fir, a man of foure-fcore pound a yeare; whoſe father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Maſter *Froth*?

*Fro.* Allhallond-Eue.

*Clo.* Why very well: I hope here be truths: he Sir, fitting (as I ſay) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to fit, haue you not?

*Fro.* I haue ſo, becauſe it is an open roome, and good for winter.

*Clo.* Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

*Ang.* This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*

When nights are longeſt there: Ile take my leaue,

And leaue you to the hearing of the cauſe;

Hoping youle finde good cauſe to whip them all.

*. . Exit.*

*Efc.* I thinke no leſſe: good morrow to your Lordſhip. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

*Clo.* Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I befeech you Sir, aſke him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I befeech your honor, aſke me.

*Efc.* Well fir, what did this Gentleman to her?

*Clo.* I befeech you fir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Maſter *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpoſe: doth your honor marke his face?

*Efc.* I fir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I befeech you marke it well.

*Efc.* Well, I doe ſo.

*Clo.* Doth your honor ſee any harme in his face?

*Efc.* Why no.

*Clo.* Ile be ſuppoſd vpon a booke, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then: if his face me the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter *Froth* doe the Conſtables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

*Efc.* He's in the right (Conſtable) what ſay you to it?

*Elb.* Firſt, and it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his Miſtris is a reſpected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon then any of vs all.

*Beat.* All the Midwives, Nurfes, and Milk-women  
Are up in Arms, becaufe the Governour  
Has made a Law againft Lovers.

*Ben.* True, the Law is, that none who have not been  
Bound Prentices to *Hymen*, fhall fet up  
In the trade of making Children.

*Efch.* Madam, you will marry, and have your freedom.

*Beat.* Marry? yes, if you'll fafhion me a man  
Of a middle conftitution, between  
Lord *Angelo's* Carthufian gravity,  
And his Brother *Benedick*; the one is  
Too like a State-Image and fays nothing;  
And the other, too like a Country Lady's  
Eldeft Son, evermore talking.

*Ben.* Nay do but perfecute my Brother,  
And I am fatiffy'd.

*Beat.* Signior *Efchalus*, is not my Wardfhip out?

*Efch.* Yes, Madam.

*Beat.* And this Houfe, where the Governour lives, mine own?

*Efch.* Madam, it is.

*Beat.* Methinks my Guardian  
Is but a rude Tenant. How durft he with  
Unmanly power, force my Coufin *Juliet* from me?

*Efch.* Lady, it was the Law that us'd that force.

*Beat.* The Law? is fhe not married by fuch Vows  
As will ftand firm in Heaven? that's the fubftantial part  
Which carries the effect, and muft fhe then  
Be punifht for neglect of form?  
Muft confcience be made good by compliment?

*Ben.* My Brother will have men behave themfelves  
To Heaven, as Boys do to their Pedants: they  
Muft not fay grace, without making their legs.

*Beat.* I am glad *Benedick*, to hear you  
Sometimes in the right.

*Ben.* I'm in the right, Lady, only  
As often as you are in the wrong.

*Beat.* Pray, Signior *Efchalus*, defire my Guardian

*Elb.* Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

*Efc.* Which is the wifer here; *Iustice or Iniquitie?* Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

*Efc.* If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of flander too.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

*Efc.* Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, till thou knowst what they are.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

*Efc.* Where were you borne, friend?

*Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

*Efc.* Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

*Froth.* Yes, and 't please you fir.

*Efc.* So: what trade are you of, fir?

*Clo.* A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

*Efc.* Your Miftris name?

*Clo.* Miftris *Ouer-don*.

*Efc.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, fir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

*Efc.* Nine? come hither to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

*Fro.* I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

*Efc.* Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster what's your name Mr. Tapster?

*Clo.* *Pompey*.

*Efc.* What else?



To let the Divines govern the Civilians.  
 I would have my Coufins fpiritual marriage  
 Stand good in confcience, though 'tis bad in Law.  
 She muft not be lockt up within thick Walls,  
 And Iron Gates. A Wood-bine Arbour will  
 Prove ftrong enough to hold a Lady, when  
 She is grown fo weak as to be in love.

*Viol.* Pray, Sifter, why is *Juliet* in Prifon?

*Beat.* Peace, *Viola*, you are too young to know.

*Ben.* She play'd with a bearded Baby, Miftrefs,  
 Contrary to Law.

*Viol.* Alas, poor *Juliet*! I'll fing no more  
 To the Governour, till he lets her out.

*Beat.* Sir, the Deputy drinks too much Vinegar;  
 It makes his difpofition fowr.

*Efch.* Pray, Madam, tell him fo.

*Beat.* No, Sir, you States-men manage your difcourfe  
 Amongft your felves by figns. I am not mute  
 Enough to undertand your Myfteries.

Come, *Viola*, I'll write to the Duke.

[*Exeunt Beat. Viol.*]

*Ben.* This would make a rare Wife, were fhe not  
 A woman.

*Balt.* You with the men, and fhe with the maids, will  
 Quickly forbid all Banes.

*Luc.* If we do not  
 Bring ill Poefies of Wedding Rings out of  
 Fafhion, let's not be numbered with the Wits.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Angelo and Provost.*

*Ang.* What is your bufinefs, Provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will *Claudio* fhall dye to morrow?

*Ang.* Did I not fay he fhould? had you not order?

Why do you ask again?

*Prov.* Left I might be too rafh.

Under your good correftion, I have feen  
 When, after execution, the wife Judge  
 Has his rafh doom repented.

*Ang.* Do you your office, or elfe give it up,

*Clo.* Bum, Sir.

*Efc.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beaftlieft fence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howfoeuer you colour it in being a Tapfter, are you not? come, tell me true, it fhall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

*Efc.* How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

*Clo.* If the Law would allow it, fir.

*Efc.* But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it fhall not be allowd in *Vienna*.

*Clo.* Do's your Worfhip meane to geld and fplay all the youth of the City?

*Efc.* No, *Pompey*.

*Clo.* Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worfhip will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

*Efc.* There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commiffion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the faireft houfe in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to fee this come to paffe, fay *Pompey* told you fo.

*Efc.* Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduife you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatfoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I fhall beat you to your Tent, and proue a fhrewd *Cæfar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I fhall haue you whipt; fo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thanke your Worfhip for your good counfell; but I fhall follow it as the flefh and fortune fhall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his lade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

*Efc.* Come hether to me, Mafter *Elbow*: come hither Mafter Conftable: how long haue you bin in this place of Conftable?

*Elb.* Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.

*Efc.* I thought by the readineffe in the office, you had continued in it fome time: you fay feuen yeares together.

*Elb.* And a halfe fir



And you fhall well be fpar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your Excellencies pardon.  
What fhall be done with the weeping *Juliet*?

*Ang.* Difpofe of her to fome apartment in  
The Prifon, where *Claudio* may not fee her. [Enter *Servant*.]

*Serv.* Here is a Sifter of the man condemn'd,  
Defires accefs to you.

*Ang.* Already is his Sifter come,  
She has the reputation, Provoft, of  
A virtuous Maid.

*Prov.* I, my good Lord, a very virtuous Maid,  
And to be fhortly of a Sifterhood.

*Ang.* Let her be admitted. [Exit *Servant*.]

Provoft take care that *Juliet* be remov'd  
At diftance from her Lover. [Enter *Lucio*, *Ifabella*.]

*Prov.* Heaven ftill preferve your Excellence.

*Ang.* Stay here awhile. Y'are welcome, what's your will?

*Ifab.* I am a woful Sutor to your Excellence,  
If you in goodnefs will vouchfafe to hear me.

*Ang.* What is your fuit?

*Ifab.* There is a vice which moft I do abhor,  
And moft defire that it fhould meet rebuke;  
For which I would not plead, but that I muft.

*Ang.* Well, come to the matter.

*Ifab.* I have a Brother is condemn'd to dye.  
I would befeech you to condemn the fault, and not  
My Brother.

*Prov.* Heaven give thee moving graces!

*Ang.* Is not each fault condemn'd e're it be done?  
I were the very Cipher of Authority,  
If I fhould fine the fault, whose fine ftands in  
Record, and yet forgive the Actor.

*Ifab.* Oh juft! but yet fevere Law!  
I had a Brother then. Heaven keep you, Sir.

*Luc.* Give it not over fo, to him again:  
Kneel down before him; y' are too cold.

*Ifab.* Muft he needs dye?

*E/c.* Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

*Elb.* 'Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

*E/c.* Looke you bring mee in the names of some fixe or feuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your Worships house fir?

*E/c.* To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

*Iust.* Eleuen, Sir.

*E/c.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Iust.* I humbly thanke you.

*E/c.* It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*  
But there's no remedie:

*Iust.* Lord *Angelo* is feuered.

*E/c.* It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,  
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:  
But yet, poore *Claudia*; there is no remedie.  
Come Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Prouost, Seruant.*

*Ser.* Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

*Pro.* 'Pray you doe; Ile know

His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas

He hath but as offended in a dreame,

All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for't?

*Enter Angelo.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?

*Pro.* Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why do'st thou aske againe?

*Pro.* Left I might be too rash:

Vnder your good correction, I haue seene

*Ang.* Virgin, no remedy.

*Ifab.* Yes, I believe that you might pardon him;  
And neither Heaven, nor man, would at  
The mercy grieve.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Ifab.* You can then if you would?

*Ang.* That which I should not do, I cannot do.

*Ifab.* But you may do it, Sir, and do the world  
No hurt: I would your heart were toucht with such  
Remorse, as mine is to him.

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd, 'tis too late.

*Luc.* You are too tame.

*Ifab.* Too late? I who have spoke a word, may call  
The meaning back. No Ceremony,  
No Ornament which to the Great belongs;  
Not the Kings Crown, nor the deputed Sword,  
The Martial's Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe,  
Become them with so beautiful a grace  
As mercy does. If he had been as you,  
And you as he, you might have err'd like him;  
But he like you, would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* I pray be gone.

*Ifab.* Would Heaven, if you were *Ifabell*, that I  
A while might have your pow'r, to let you see  
How soon the sorrow of a Sisters tears,  
Should cleanse the foulness of a Brothers fault.

*Luc.* That is the Vain, touch is boldly.

*Ang.* Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law;  
And you but waste your words.

*Ifab.* Alas, alas, all Souls were forfeit once;  
And he who might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy. What would you do  
If he, who on the utmost top of heights,  
On Judges sits, should judge you as you are?

*Ang.* Be you content, fair Maid.

It was the Law, not I, condemn'd your Brother;  
Were he my Kinsman or my Son, it should

When after execution, Iudgment hath  
Repented ore his doome.

*Ang.* Goe to; let that be mine,  
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,  
And you fhall well be fpar'd.

*Pro.* I craue your Honours pardon:  
What fhall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?  
Shée's very neere her howre.

*Ang.* Difpofe of her  
To fome more fitter place; and that with fpeed.

*Scr.* Here is the fifter of the man condemn'd,  
Defires acceffe to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a Sifter?

*Pro.* I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,  
And to be fhortlie of a Sifter-hood,  
If not alreadie.

*Ang.* Well: let her be admitted,  
See you the Fornicatrefie be remou'd,  
Let her haue needfull, but not lauiſh meanes,  
There fhall be order for't.

*Enter Lucio and Ifabella.*

*Pro.* 'Saue your Honour.

*Ang.* Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your will?

*Ifab.* I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,  
'Pleaſe but your Honor heare me.

*Ang.* Well: what's your fuite.

*Ifab.* There is a vice that moſt I doe abhorre,  
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of Iuſtice;  
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,  
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am  
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

*Ang.* Well: the matter?

*Ifab.* I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,  
I doe beſeech you let it be his fault,  
And not my brother.

*Pro.* Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

*Ang.* Condemne the fault, and not the aſtor of it,

Be with him thus. And he muſt dye to morrow.

*Iſab.* To morrow? Oh that's fudden! ſpare him! ſpare him!  
He's not prepar'd. Even for our Kitchens we  
The Fowl of Seaſon kill. Shall we ſerve Heaven  
With leſs reſpect, than we would miniſter  
To our groſs felves? My Lord, in mercy ſpeak!  
Who is it that has dy'd for this offence?  
Too many have committed it.

*Luc.* Well ſaid.

*Ang.* The Law has not been dead, though it has ſlept.  
Thoſe many had not dar'd to act that crime,  
If he who firſt did the edict infringe,  
Had answer'd for his deed. 'Tis now awake;  
Takes note of what is done, and Prophet-like,  
Looks in a Glaſs, which ſhows what future ills,  
Might by remiſſneſs be in progreſs hatcht.

*Iſab.* Yet ſhow ſome pity.

*Ang.* I ſhow it moſt, when I moſt Juſtice ſhow,  
For I commiferate then, even thoſe whom I  
Shall never know; and whoſe offences, if  
They were forgiven, might afterwards deſtroy them.  
And alſo do him right, who, puniſht for  
One pleaſing crime, lives not to act another.  
Be ſatiſfy'd; your Brother dies to morrow.

*Iſab.* So you, my Lord, muſt be the firſt that e're  
This ſentence gave, and he the firſt that ſuffers it.  
'Tis excellent to have a Giants ſtrength;  
But Tyrannous to uſe it like a Giant.

*Luc.* Well ſaid again.

*Iſab.* If men could thunder  
As great *Jove* does, *Jove* ne'er would quiet be;  
For every cholerick petty Officer,  
Would uſe his Magazine in Heaven for Thunder:  
We nothing ſhould but Thunder hear. Sweet Heaven!  
Thou rather with thy ſtiff and ſulph'rous bolt  
Doſt ſplit the knotty and obdurate Oak,  
Than the ſoft Mirtle. O but man, proud man!

Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done :  
 Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function  
 To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,  
 And let goe by the Actor :

*Ifab.* Oh iust, but seuer Law :

I had a brother then ; heauen keepe your honour.

*Luc.* Giue 't not ore so : to him againe, entreat him,  
 Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,  
 You are too cold : if you should need a pin,  
 You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :  
 To him, I say.

*Ifab.* Muft he needs die ?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedie.

*Ifab.* Yes : I doe thinke that you might pardon him,  
 And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not doe't.

*Ifab.* But can you if you would ?

*Ang.* Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

*Ifab.* But might you doe't & do the world no wrong  
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,  
 As mine is to him ?

*Ang.* Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

*Luc.* You are too cold.

*Ifab.* Too late ? why no : I that doe speak a word  
 May call it againe : well, beleue this  
 No ceremony that to great ones longs,  
 Not the Kings Crowne ; nor the deputed sword,  
 The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe  
 Become them with one halfe so good a grace  
 As mercie does : If he had bin as you, and you as he,  
 You would haue slipt like him, but he like you  
 Would not haue beene so sterne.

*Ang.* Pray you be gone.

*Ifab.* I would to heauen I had your potencie,  
 And you were *Ifabell* : should it then be thus ?  
 No : I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,  
 And what a prisoner.

(Dreft in a little brief authority,  
 Moft ignorant of what he thinks himfelf  
 Affur'd) does in his glaffy effence, like  
 An angry Ape, play fuch fantaftick tricks  
 Before high Heaven, as would make Angels laugh  
 If they were mortal, and had fpleens like us.

*Luc* To him, he will relent, I feel him coming.

*Prov.* Pray Heaven fhe gain him!

*Ang.* Why do you ufe this paffion before me?

*Ifab.* Authority, though it does err like others,  
 Yet has a kind of Med'cine in it felf,  
 Which fkins the top of every vice.  
 Knock at your bofom, Sir, and ask your heart  
 If it contains no crime, refembling my  
 Poor Brothers fault, and then, if it confeffs  
 A natural guiltinefs, fuch as his is.  
 Let it not found a fentence from your tongue,  
 Againft my Brothers life.

*Ang.* She fpeaks fuch fenfe  
 As with my reaſon breeds fuch Images,  
 As ſhe has excellently form'd. Farewel.

*Ifab.* Gentle, my Lord, turn back!

*Ang.* I will bethink me, come again to morrow.

*Ifab.* Hearn, how I'll bribe you; good my Lord turn back.

*Ang.* How! bribe me?

*Ifab.* I, with fuch gifts that Heaven fhall fhare with you.

*Luc.* You had marr'd all elfe.

*Ifab.* With early Prayers that fhall be up at Heaven,  
 And enter there before  
 The mornings Cafement opens to the World;  
 The Prayers of faſting maids.

*Ang.* Well, come to me to morrow.

*Luc.* Enough, away!

*Ifab.* All that is good be near your Excellence.

*Ang.* I thank you.

*Ifab.* At what hour fhall I attend you.

*Ang.* At any time e're noon.



*Luc.* I, touch him: there's the vaine.

*Ang.* Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,  
And you but waſte your words.

*Iſab.* Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,  
And he that might the vantage beſt haue tooke,  
Found out the remedie: how would you be,  
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, ſhould  
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,  
And mercie then will breathe within your lips  
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, (faire Maid)  
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,  
Were he my kinfman, brother, or my ſonne,  
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt die to morrow.

*Iſab.* To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,  
Spare him, ſpare him:  
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins  
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerue heauen  
With leſſe reſpect then we doe miniſter  
To our groſſe-felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;  
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?  
There's many haue committed it.

*Luc.* I, well ſaid.

*Ang.* The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath flept  
Thoſe many had not dar'd to doe that euill  
If the firſt, that did th' Ediſt infringe  
Had anſwer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,  
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet  
Lookes in a glaſſe that ſhewes what future euils  
Either now, or by remiſſeneſſe, new conceiu'd,  
And ſo in progreſſe to be hate'hd, and borne,  
Are now to haue no ſucceſſiue degrees,  
But here they liue to end.

*Iſab.* Yet ſhew ſome pittie.

*Ang.* I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;  
For then I pittie thoſe I doe not know,



*Ifab.* The Angels still preserve you.

[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*]

*Ang.* From all, but from thy virtue maid!

I love her virtue. But, temptation! O!

Thou false and cunning guide! who in disguise  
Of Virtues shape lead'st us through Heaven to Hell.

No vicious Beauty could with practis'd Art

Subdue, like Virgin-innocence, my heart.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Duke in disguise of a Fryar, and Provost.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, Provost, so I think you are.

*Prov.* I am the Provost. What's your will, good Father?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my blessed Orders,

I come to visit the afflicted minds

In Prison here. Do me the common right,

To let me see them; and to let me know

The nature of their crimes; that I may minister

Accordingly to their relief.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Look, here comes one, who in her flames of youth

[*Enter Juliet.*]

Has blister'd her fair fame. She is with Child,

And he that got it sentenc'd.

*Duke.* When must he dye?

*Prov.* As I believe, to morrow.

I'll go in, and prepare him for your visit:

In the mean time bestow your counsel here.

[*Exit Provost.*]

*Duke.* Reprint your (fair one) of the fin you carry?

*Jul.* I bear my punishment most patiently.

*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,  
And try your penitence.

*Jul.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Lov'd you the man that wrong'd you?

*Jul.* Yes, as I lov'd the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So then it seems you mutually have fin'd?

*Jul.* We mutually have fin'd against the Law:

And I repent for it, but am as much

Afflicted at my ignorance,

Not knowing 'twas a fin when I transgress'd,

As at the fin it self.

Which a difmis'd offence, would after gaule  
 And doe him right, that anfwering one foule wrong  
 Liues not to act another. Be fatisfied;  
 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

*Ifab.* So you muft be ye firft that giues this fentence,  
 And hee, that fuffers: Oh, it is excellent  
 To haue a Giants ftrength: but it is tyrannous  
 To vse it like a Giant.

*Luc.* That's well faid.

*Ifab.* Could great men thunder  
 As *Ioue* himfelfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,  
 For euery pelting petty Officer  
 Would vse his heauen for thunder;  
 Nothing but thunder: Merciful heauen,  
 Thou rather with thy fharp and fulpherous bolt  
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,  
 Then the foft Mertill: But man, proud man,  
 Dreft in a little brieft authoritie,  
 Moft ignorant of what he's moft affur'd,  
 (His glafsie Effence) like an angry Ape  
 Plaies fuch phantaftique tricks before high heauen,  
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,  
 Would all themfelues laugh mortall.

*Luc.* Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,  
 Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

*Pro.* Pray heauen fhe win him.

*Ifab.* We cannot weigh our brother with our felfe,  
 Great men may ielt with Saints: tis wit in them,  
 But in the leffe fowle prophanation.

*Luc.* Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

*Ifab.* That in the Captaine 's but a chollericke word,  
 Which in the Souldier is flat blaſphemie.

*Luc.* Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

*Ang.* Why doe you put theſe fayings vpon me?

*Ifab.* Becaufe Authoritie, though it erre like others,  
 Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it felfe  
 That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bofome,

*Duke.* If Daughter you repent that fin, because  
It brings you fhame, it is a common, and  
An erring grief, which looks more at our felves,  
Than towards Heaven; not fparing Heaven for love,  
But fear.

*Jul.* As 'tis an evil I repent, and grieve not for  
The fhame, because you think it is deferv'd.

*Duke.* There reft.  
Your Partner (as I hear) muft dye to morrow;  
And I am going with inftructions to him.  
Grace go with you.

[*Exit.*

*Jul.* Muft dye to morrow? oh injurious love!  
It refpites me a life whofe very beft  
Is ftill a dying horror.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Claudio, Lucio, Balthazar.*

*Balth.* *Claudio*, to tarry longer with you now,  
Were but to lofe that time which we  
Muft husband for your benefit. No care  
Is wanting in your Sifter, nor in us.

*Luc.* Our Lawyers make good Merchandife of Women,  
The head of a man pays for a maidenhead.

*Claud.* There is no rack fo painful in this Prifon,  
As that which ftretches me 'tween hope and doubt.  
All I defire is certainty.

*Balt.* You fpeak as if you were already in  
Another world; for there's no certainty  
In this. We'll fee you hourly, fo farewell.

*Luc.* When I leave this wanting world, to meet death,  
I'll ride Poft to him on a Hobby-horfe,  
And fence againft his Dart with a Fools Bauble.

*Claud.* By all your loyal friendfhip, *Balthazar*,  
Let *Juliet* be protected with your care,  
And courage, from injurious tongues.

*Balt.* I will deferve your truft.

*Claud.* Pray ferve her with a noble tendernefs,  
In all that her afflictions fhall require.

*Balt.* I need not fuch a ftrict command.

Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse  
A natural guiltineffe, such as is his,  
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue  
Against my brothers life.

*Ang.* Shee speakes, and 'tis such fence  
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

*Ifab.* Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

*Aug.* I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

*Ifa.* Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

*Aug.* How? bribe me?

*If.* I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

*Luc.* You had mar'd all else.

*Ifab.* Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,  
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore  
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,  
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there  
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preferued soules,  
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate  
To nothing temporall.

*Ang.* Well: come to me to morrow.

*Luc.* Goe to: 'tis well; away.

*Ifab.* Heauen keepe your honour safe.

*Ang.* Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers croffe.

*Ifab.* At what hower to morrow,  
Shall I attend your Lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore-noone.

*Ifab.* 'Saue your Honour.

*Ang.* From thee: euen from thy vertue.  
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?  
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?  
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,  
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,  
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,  
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,

Away, let's leave him to his meditations.

*Luc.* Remember *Claudio*,

This wicked world does homage to rich Fools,

That Modefty may more betray our Sence  
 Then womans lightneffe? hauing wafte ground enough,  
 Shall we defire to raze the Sanctuary  
 And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:  
 What doft thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?  
 Doft thou defire her fowly, for thofe things  
 That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:  
 Theeues for their robbery haue authority,  
 When Iudges fteale themfelues: what, doe I loue her,  
 That I defire to heare her fpeake againe?  
 And feaft vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?  
 Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,  
 With Saints doft bait thy hooke: moft dangerous  
 Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on  
 To finne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet  
 With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature  
 Once ftir my temper: but this vertuous Maid  
 Subdues me quite: Euer till now  
 When men were fond, I fmild, and wondred how.

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Duke and Prouoft.*

*Duke.* Haile to you, *Prouoft*, fo I thinke you are.

*Pro.* I am the Prouoft: whats your will, good Frier?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my blest order,  
 I come to vifite the afflicted fpirits  
 Here in the prifon: doe me the common right  
 To let me fee them: and to make me know  
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minifter  
 To them accordingly.

*Pro.* I would do more then that, if more were needfull

*Enter Iuliet.*

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,  
 Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,  
 Hath bliftered her report: She is with childe,



And he that got it, fentenc'd : a yong man,  
More fit to doe another fuch offence,  
Then dye for this.

*Duk.* When muft he dye?

*Pro.* As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue prouided for you, ftay a while  
And you fhall be conducted.

*Duk.* Repent you (faire one) of the fin you carry?

*Iul.* I doe; and beare the fhame moft patiently.

*Du.* Ile teach you how you fhall araign your confcience  
And try your penitence, if it be found,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Iul.* Ile gladly learne.

*Duk.* Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

*Iul.* Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duk.* So then it feemes your moft offence full a<sup>c</sup>t  
Was mutually committed.

*Iul.* Mutually.

*Duk.* Then was your fin of heauier kinde then his.

*Iul.* I doe confeffe it, and repent it (Father.)

*Duk.* 'Tis meet fo (daughter) but leaft you do repent  
As that the fin hath brought you to this fhame,  
Which forrow is alwaies toward our felues, not heauen,  
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,  
But as we ftand in feare.

*Iul.* I doe repent me, as it is an euill,  
And take the fhame with ioy.

*Duke.* There reft:

Your partner (as I heare) muft die to morrow,  
And I am going with inftitution to him:  
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite*.

*Exit.*

*Iul.* Muft die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue  
That refpits me a life, whose very comfort  
Is ftill a dying horror.

*Pro.* 'Tis pittie of him.

*Exeunt.*





*Scena Quarta.**Enter Angelo.*

*An.* When I would pray & think, I thinke, and pray  
 To feuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,  
 Whilft my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,  
 Anchors on *Ifabell*: heauen in my mouth,  
 As if I did but onely chew his name,  
 And in my heart the strong and swelling euill  
 Of my conception: the state whereon I studied  
 Is like a good thing, being often read  
 Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie  
 Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,  
 Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume  
 Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,  
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit  
 Wrench awe from fooles, and tie the wiser foules  
 To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,  
 Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne  
 'Tis not the Deuills creft: how now? who's there?

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* One *Ifabell*, a Sister, desires acceffe to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way: oh, heauens  
 Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart,  
 Making both it vnable for it selfe,  
 And dispossessing all my other parts  
 Of necessary fitnesse?  
 So play the foolish throngs with one that fownds,  
 Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre  
 By which hee should reuiue: and euen so  
 The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King  
 Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse  
 Crowd to his prefence, where their vn-taught loue  
 Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

*Enter Ifabella.*

*Ifab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

*An.* That you might know it, wold much better please me,



Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

*I/ab.* Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

*Ang.* Yet may he liue a while: and it may be  
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

*I/ab.* Vnder your Sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*I/ab.* When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue  
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted  
That his foule ficken not.

*Ang.* Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good  
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image  
In stumps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,  
Falsely to take away a life true made,  
As to put mettle in refrained meanes  
To make a false one.

*I/ab.* 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.

*Ang.* Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.  
Which had you rather, that the most iust Law  
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him  
Giue vp your body to such sweet vncleanneffe  
As she that he hath stained?

*I/ab.* Sir, beleue this.

I had rather giue my body, then my foule.

*Ang.* I talke not of your foule: our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

*I/ab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake  
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,  
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)  
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,  
Might there not be a charitie in finne,  
To saue this Brothers life?

*I/ab.* Please you to doo't,  
Ile take it as a perill to my foule,  
It is no finne at all, but charitie.



*Ang.* Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your foule  
Were, equall poize of finne, and charitie.

*Ifab.* That I do beg his life, if it be finne  
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my fuit,  
If that be fin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,  
To haue it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your anfwere.

*Ang.* Nay, but heare me,  
Your fence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,  
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good,

*Ifab.* Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wifhes to appeare most bright,  
When it doth taxe it felfe: As thefe black Masques  
Proclaime an en-field beauty ten times louder  
Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,  
To be receiued plaine, Ile fpeake more groffe:  
Your Brother is to dye.

*Ifab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is fo, as it appeares,  
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

*Ifab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to faue his life  
(As I fubfcribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the losse of queftion) that you, his Sifter,  
Finding your felfe defir'd of fuch a perfon,  
Whofe credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,  
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles  
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were  
No earthly meane to faue him, but that either  
You muft lay downe the treasures of your body,  
To this fupposed, or elfe to let him fuffer:  
What would you doe?

*Ifab.* As much for my poore Brother, as my felfe;  
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,  
Th'impreffion of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,  
And strip my felfe to death, as to a bed,



That longing haue bin ficke for, ere I'd yeeld  
My body vp to flame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Ifa.* And 'twere the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother dide at once,  
Then that a fister, by redeeming him  
Should die for euer.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,  
That you haue flander'd fo?

*Ifa.* Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,  
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,  
And rather prou'd the fliding of your brother  
A merriment, then a vice.

*Ifa.* Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out  
To haue, what we would haue,  
We speake not what vve meane;  
I something do excufe the thing I hate,  
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

*Ang.* We are all fraile.

*Ifa.* Elfe let my brother die,  
If not a fedarie but onely he  
Owe, and succceed thy weaknesse.

*Ang.* Nay, women are fraile too.

*Ifa.* I, as the glaffes where they view themfelues,  
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:  
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre  
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,  
For we are soft, as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I thinke it well:  
And from this testimony of your owne sex  
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger  
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;  
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.





If you be one (as you are well exprest  
By all externall warrants) fiew it now,  
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.

*I/a.* I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,  
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

*Ang.* Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

*I/a.* My brother did loue *Iuliet*,  
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not *Ifabell* if you giue me loue.

*I/a.* I know your vertue hath a licence in't,  
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,  
To plucke on others.

*Ang.* Beleeue me on mine Honor,  
My words expresse my purpose.

*I/a.* Ha? Little honor, to be much beleu'd,  
And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.  
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.  
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will beleeue thee, *Ifabell*?  
My vnfold name, th'auftereneffe of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,  
Will fo your accusation ouer-weigh,  
That you shall ftifle in your owne reporr,  
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,  
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine,  
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,  
Lay by all nicetie, and proluxious blufhes  
That banish what they fue for: Redeeme thy brother,  
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,  
Or else he must not onelie die the death,  
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out  
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,  
Or by the affection that now guides me most,  
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true.

*Exit.*



*Ifa.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would beleue me? O perilous mouthes  
That beare in them, one and the selfefame tongue,  
Either of condemnation, or approofe,  
Bidding the Law make curtzie to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,  
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,  
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,  
That had he twentie heads to tender downe  
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp,  
Before his sifter should her bodie stoope  
To such abhord pollution.  
Then *Ifabell* liue chafte, and brother die;  
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.  
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,  
And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest.

*Exit.*

And witty men want money.

[*Enter Provost.*

*Prov.* A Father desires to speak with you.

[*Ex. Claudio, Provost.*

*Luc.* Methinks it is too late for *Claudio* to Expect a Reprieve.

*Balt.* Hope is so familiar an acquaintance,  
That though she stays with us all day, yet we  
Are loth to part with her at night.

*Luc.* Where is *Benedick*?

*Balt.* Gone to *Beatrice*, she just now sent for him.

*Luc.* We shall never out-face the world with our  
Invektives against marriage, for I find  
Sexes will meet, though Mountains and rough Seas  
Make a long space between them. Our design  
On *Benedick* and *Beatrice* must be pursued.

*Balt.* Let's to the Governours, and in the way  
I'll tell thee how we ought to manage it.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Angelo.*

But as an idle plume worn in the wind.

[*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The Sister, Sir, of *Claudio* desires access.

*Ang.* Shew her the way into the Gallery.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Ang.* My weighty Office I can value now,  
Why does my blood, thus flowing to my heart,  
Make it unable for it self, whilst then  
It dispossesses other parts of that  
Which they in lesser streams would useful make ?  
So deal officious throngs, with him who frowns ;  
They come to help him, and they stop the air  
By which he should revive ; and so  
The numerous Subjects to a well-wish'd King,  
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to  
His preference crowd, where their unwelcome love,  
Does an offence, and an oppression prove.

[*Exit.*

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.**Du.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?*Cla.* The miserable haue no other medicine

But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death: either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do loofe thee, I do loofe a thing

That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,

Seruile to all the skyie-influences,

That doft this habitation where thou keepft

Hourely afflikt: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,

For him thou labourft by thy flight to fhun,

And yet runft toward him ftill. Thou art not noble,

For all th'accommodations that thou bearft,

Are nurft by baseneffe: Thou'rt by no means valiant,

For thou doft fear the foft and tender forke

Of a poore worme: thy beft of reft is fleepe,

And that thou oft prouoakft, yet groffellie fearft

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy felfe,

For thou exifts on manie a thoufand graines

That iffue out of duft. Happie thou art not,

For what thou haft not, ftill thou ftriu'ft to get,

And what thou haft forgetft. Thou art not certaine,

For thy complexion fhifts to ftrange effects,

After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,

For like an Affe, whofe backe with Ingots bowes;

Thou bearft thy heauie riches but a iournie,

And death vnloads thee; Friend haft thou none.

For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire

The meere effufion of thy proper loines

Do curfe the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume

For ending thee no fooner. Thou haft nor youth, nor age

But as it were an after-dinners fleepe

Dreaming on both, for all thy bleffed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Ifabel, Angelo.**Ifab.* I Am come to know your pleasure.*Ang.* That you might know it would much better please me,  
Than to demand what 'tis: you Brother cannot live.*Ifab.* Even so, Heaven keep your Excellence.*Ang.* Stay a little,For he perhaps may live awhile: nay, and  
As long as you or I, since none can know  
Their own appointed ends. Yet, he must dye.*Ifab.* Under your sentence?*Ang.* Yes.*Ifab.* When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve  
(Longer or Shorter) he may be so fitted  
That his Soul may not suffer with his body.*Ang.* He had a filthy vice. It were as good  
To pardon him that has from Nature stoln  
A man already made, as to permit  
Their fawcy sweetnesss, who Heavens Image coyn  
In Stamps which are forbid.*Ifab.* That is set down in Heaven, but not on Earth.*Ang.* How? say you so? then I shall quickly poze you.  
Which had you rather, that the most just Law  
Should take your Brothers life, or to redeem him,  
Give up your pretious self to such a blemish  
As she permitted whom he stain'd?*Ifab.* I'll rather give my Body than my Soul.*Ang.* I talk not of your foul. Our compell'd fins  
Do more for number stand, than for account.*Ifab.* How say you, Sir?*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that: for I can speak  
Against the thing I say: answer to this.  
I (now the voice of the recorded Law)  
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,  
Might there not be a charity in fin,

Of palfied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich  
 Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limbe, nor beautie  
 To make thy riches pleaſant : what's yet in this  
 That beares the name of life? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid moe thouſand deaths ; yet death we feare  
 That makes theſe oddes, all euen.

*Cla.* I humblie thanke you.

To fue to liue, I finde I feeke to die,  
 And ſeeking death, finde life : Let it come on.

*Enter Iſabella.*

*Iſab.* What hoa? Peace heere ; Grace, and good companie.

*Pro.* Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deferues a welcome.

*Duke.* Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.

*Cla.* Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.

*Iſa.* My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio*.

*Pro.* And verie welcom : looke Signior, here's your fiſter.

*Duke.* Prouoft, a word with you.

*Pro.* As manie as you pleaſe.

*Duke.* Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.

*Cla.* Now fiſter, what's the comfort?

*Iſa.* Why,

As all comforts are : moſt good, moſt good indeede,  
 Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen  
 Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,  
 Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger ;  
 Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,  
 To Morrow you ſet on.

*Clau.* Is there no remedie?

*Iſa.* None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head  
 To cleaue a heart in twaine :

*Clau.* But is there anie?

*Iſa.* Yes brother, you may liue ;  
 There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,  
 If you'l implore it, that will free your life,  
 But fetter you till death.

*Cla.* Perpetuall durance?

*Iſa.* I iuſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint



To save this Brother's life?

*Ifab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my foul,  
It is no fin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* You doing it at peril of your foul,  
Make equal poize of fin and charity.

*Ifab.* That I do beg his life, if it be fin,  
Heav'n let me bear't. If it be fin for you  
To grant my fuit, I'll make it still my Prayer,  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And not to your account.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine; sure you are ignorant;  
Or seem so craftily, and that's not good.

*Ifab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
When it does tax it self; as a black Mask  
Often proclaims a cover'd beauty more,  
Than beauty does it elf, when openly  
Displaid. But mark me *Ifabell*,  
Or if I may more plainly be receiv'd,  
I'll speak more home. Your Brother is to dye,

*Ifab.* So!

*Ang.* And his offence is such, as it appears  
Accountant to the Law.

*Ifab.* True!

*Ang.* Admit no other way could save his life,  
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
Unless by way of question) but that you  
(Finding your self desir'd of such a man  
Whose credit with the Judge, could free your Brother)  
Must either yield the treasures of your youth,  
Or else must let him dye: what would you do?

*Ifab.* As much for my poor Brother, as for *Ifabell*,  
Th'impression of sharp whips I gladly would  
As Rubies wear, and strip my self

Through all the worlds vastitidie you had  
To a determin'd scope.

*Clau.* But in what nature?

*Ifa.* In such a one, as you consenting too't,  
Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,  
And leaue you naked.

*Clau.* Let me know the point.

*Ifa.* Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,  
Least thou a feauorous life shouldst entertaine,  
And fix or feuen winters more respect  
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ft thou die?  
The fence of death is most in apprehension,  
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon  
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,  
As when a Giant dies.

*Clau.* Why giue you me this shame?  
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowrie tenderneffe? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkneffe as a bride,  
And hugge it in mine armes.

*Ifa.* There spake my brother: there my fathers graue  
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble, to conferue a life  
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,  
Whose fetled visage, and deliberate word  
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew  
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:  
His filth within being cast, he would appeare  
A pond, as deepe as hell.

*Cla.* The prenzie, *Angelo*?

*Ifa.* Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,  
The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer  
In prenzie gardes; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,  
If I would yeeld him my virginities  
Thou might'ft be freed?

*Cla.* Oh heauens, it cannot be.

*Ifa.* Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence

Even for a Grave, as for a Bed, e're I  
Would yield my honour up to flame.

*Ang.* Then muft your Brother dye.

*Ifab.* And 'twere the cheaper way.  
Better it were a Brother dye a while,  
Than that a Sifter, by redeeming him,  
Should dye for ever.

*Ang.* Are you not then as cruel as that fentence  
Which you have flander'd fo?

*Ifab.* Ignoble ranfom, no proportion bears  
To pardon freely given; and lawful mercy,  
Is not at all akin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You feem'd of late to make the Law a Tryant;  
And fo your Brothers guiltinefs excuf'd,  
As if it rather might be ftill'd  
A recreation than a vice.

*Ifab.* O pardon me my Lord. Oft it falls out,  
That Pleaders fpeak not what they mean,  
In hope to get what they would have.  
I fometimes may excufe the thing I hate,  
For his advantage, whom I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Ifab.* Elfe let my Brother dye.

*Ang.* Nay, Women are frail too.

*Ifab.* I, as the glaffes where they fee themselves,  
Which are as eas'ly broke, as they make forms.  
Women? help Heaven! pray call us ten times frail,  
For we are foft, as our complexions are,  
And foon a bad impreffion take.

*Ang.* And from this teftimony of your own Sex,  
(Since I fuppoſe we are not made fo ftrong,  
But that our faults, may fhake our frames) let me  
Be bold t'arrest your words. Be what you are,  
That is, a woman, if y'are more, y'are none,  
If you be one (as you are well expreft  
By all eternal warrants) fhew it now.

*Ifab.* I have no Tongue but one. Gentle my Lord,

So to offend him ftill. This night's the time  
That I fhould do what I abhorre to name,  
Or elfe thou dieft to morrow.

*Clau.* Thou fhalt not do't.

*Ifa.* O, were it but my life,  
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Clau.* Thankes deere *Ifabell*.

*Ifa.* Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

*Clau.* Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,  
When he would force it? Sure it is no finne,  
Or of the deadly feuen it is the leaft.

*Ifa.* Which is the leaft?

*Clau.* If it were damnable, he being ſo wife,  
Why would he for the momentarie trick  
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Ifabell*.

*Ifa.* What faies my brother?

*Clau.* Death is a fearfull thing.

*Ifa.* And fhamed life, a hatefull.

*Clau.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,  
This ſenſible warme motion, to become  
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit  
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide  
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,  
To be imprifon'd in the viewleſſe windes  
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about  
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt  
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and uncertaine thought,  
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.  
The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life  
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprifonment  
Can lay on nature, is a Paradife  
To what we feare of death.

*Ifa.* Alas, alas.

*Clau.* Sweet Siſter, let me liue.

Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Iſab.* My Brother did love *Juliet*;

And you tell me he ſhall dye for it.

*Ang.* He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.

*Iſab.* Your pow'r may your diſcretion licence give,  
And make you ſeem much fouler than you are,  
To draw on others.

*Ang.* Believe me on mine honour,  
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

*Iſab.* Ha! little honour, to be much believ'd,  
Your purpoſe is pernicious now diſcern'd.  
I will proclaim thee *Angelo*, look for't;  
Sign me a preſent pardon for my Brother,  
Or I will tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe you *Iſabell*?  
My unſoil'd name, auſterity of life,  
My word againſt you, and my place i'th' State,  
Will ſo your accuſation overweigh,  
That you'll be ſtifled in your own report.  
And now I give my ſenſual race the reins.  
Yield to my paſſion, or your Brother muſt  
Not only dye, but your unkindneſs ſhall  
Draw out his death to lingering pains.  
To morrow anſwer me, or by that love  
Which now does guide me, I will be  
A Tyrant to him.

[*Exit.*

*Iſab.* To whom ſhall I complain?  
If I tell this, who will believ't?  
I'll to my Brother ſtraight,  
That he may know falſe *Angelo's* requeſt,  
And then prepare for his eternal reſt.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Benedick and Beatrice, ſeveral ways.*

*Ben.* I was told, Lady, you would ſpeak with me.

*Beat.* I would, and I would not.

*Ben.* Then I'll ſtay, or I will not ſtay;

What finne you do, to saue a brothers life,  
Nature dispenfes with the deeds so farre,  
That it becomes a vertue.

*I/a.* Oh you beaft,  
Oh faithleffe Coward, oh difhoneft wretch,  
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?  
Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life  
From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,  
Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:  
For such a warped flip of wilderneffe  
Nere iffu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,  
Die, perish: Might but my bending downe  
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it should proceede.  
Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,  
No word to saue thee.

*Cl.* Nay heare me *Isabell*.

*I/a.* Oh fie, fie, fie:  
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;  
Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,  
'Tis best that thou dieft quickly.

*Cl.* Oh heare me *Isabella*.

*Duk.* Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

*I/a.* What is your Will.

*Duk.* Might you dispenfe with your leysure, I would by and by haue some  
speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne  
benefit.

*I/a.* I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other  
affaires: but I will attend you a while.

*Duke.* Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister.  
*Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay  
of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures. She  
(hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall,  
which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to *Angello*, and I know  
this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your  
resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your  
knees, and make ready.

'Tis all one to me.

*Beat.* Nay, I know you are but an indifferent man :  
Yet now by chance, I rather am inclin'd  
That you should stay.

*Ben.* And 'tis a greater chance  
That our inclinations should so soon meet ;  
For I will stay.

*Beat.* Your brother is a proper Prince, he rules  
With a Rod in's hand instead of a Scepter,  
Like a Country School-Master in a Church ;  
He keeps a large Palace with no Attendants,  
And is fit to have none but Boys for his Subjects.

*Ben.* As ill as he governs (if my  
Design thrive against the Fetters of marriage,  
As his does against the liberty of Lovers)  
His rule may last till the end of the world ;  
For there will be no next Generation.

*Beat.* Would I might trust you *Benedick*.

*Ben.* Madam, you believe me to have some honour.  
If you have most secretly invented  
A new Dressing, can you think I'll reveal  
The fashion, before you wear it?

*Beat.* Notwithstanding your seeming indisposition  
To inventions of Fashions, yet there be  
Those in *Turin*, who have intercepted  
Packets between you and Tailors of *Paris*.  
Well, though those are but light correspondents,  
Yet I would trust you in matter of weight.

*Ben.* I hope, Lady, you have no plot upon me.  
I'll marry no woman.

*Beat.* I did not think you had been so well natur'd,  
As to prevent the having any of  
Your breed. Marry you? what should I do with you?  
Dress you in my old Gown, and make you my  
Waiting Woman?

*Ben.* A waiting Woman with a Beard?

*Beat.* I shall ne'er endure a Husband with a Beard.



*Cla.* Let me ask my fifter pardon, I am fo out of loue with life, that I will fue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there: farewell: *Prouoft*, a word with you.

*Pro.* What's your will (father?)

*Duk.* That now you are come, you will be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promifes with my habit, no loffe fhall touch her by my company.

*Pro.* In good time.

*Exit.*

*Duk.* The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the foule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the affault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderftanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I fhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Subftitute, and to faue your Brother?

*Ifab.* I am now going to refolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fonne fhould be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can fpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or difcouer his gouernment.

*Duke.* That fhall not be much amiffe: yet, as the matter now ftands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore faften your eare on my aduifings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it felfe. I doe make my felfe beleue that you may moft vprighteoufly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no ftaine to your owne gracious perfon, and much pleafe the abfent Duke, if peraduenture he fhall euer returne to haue hearing of this bufineffe.

*Ifab.* Let me heare you fpeake farther: I haue fpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my fpirit.

*Duke.* Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard fpeake of *Mariana* the fifter of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who mifcarried at Sea?

*Ifa.* I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* Shee fhould this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the folemmitie, her brother *Fredricke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perifhed veffell, the dowry of his fifter: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there fhe loft a noble and renowned brother, in



I had rather lye in woolen.

*Ben.* Though you disguise matrimonial pretensions,  
With pretty scorn, yet I am glad I have  
A Beard for my own defence. And though fashion  
Makes me have much (and that you believe me  
A lover of fashions) yet mine shall grow  
To a very bush, for my greater security.  
But, pray proceed to your matter of weight.

*Beat.* I will trust you; not as a man of love,  
But a man of Arms.

*Ben.* At your own peril.  
And more to encourage you, I will declare  
That though I'm very loth to come within  
The narrow compass of a Wedding Ring;  
Yet I owe every fair Lady a good turn.  
But to the business.

*Beat.* In brief you must  
Renew familiarity with your Brother;  
And steal the use of his Signet to seal  
*Julietta's* pardon and her liberty,  
And *Claudio's* too: this done, they shall practise  
Their escape, I'll endeavour mine; and you  
Signior may shift for your self.

*Ben.* This is but betraying an ill Brother,  
For a good purpose; I'll do't if I can.

*Beat.* You shall give me the Signet, for I'll have  
All in my own management.

*Ben.* No, though I rob my Brother of the Signet;  
You shall not rob me of the danger.

*Beat.* Then I'll proceed no further.

*Ben.* That as you please.

*Beat.* You would have the honour of the business.

*Ben.* 'Tis due to my Sex.

*Beat.* Fare you well Sir——yet you  
May come again an hour hence, to receive  
An ill look.

*Ben.* That will not fright me much; for you can look

his loue toward her, euer moſt kinde and naturall: with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-feeming *Angelo*.

*Ifab.* Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leaue her?

*Duke.* Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: ſwallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, diſcoueries of diſhonor: in few, beſtow'd her on her owne lamentation, which ſhe yet weares for his ſake: and he, a marble to her teares, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

*Ifab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can ſhee auaille?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may eaſily heale: and the cure of it not onely ſaues your brother, but keepeſ you from diſhonor in doing it.

*Ifab.* Shew me how (good Father.)

*Duk.* This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his vniuſt vnkindeneſſe (that in all reaſon ſhould haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruſy: Goe you to *Angelo*, anſwere his requiring with a plaufible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your ſelfe to this aduantage; firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all ſhadow, and ſilence in it: and the place anſwere to conuenience: this being granted in courſe, and now followes all: wee ſhall aduiſe this wronged maid to ſteed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it ſelfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother ſaued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

*Ifab.* The image of it giues me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt prosperous perfection.

*Duk.* It lies much in your holding vp: haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promiſe of ſatiſfaction: I will preſently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this deieſted *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

*Ifab.* I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

*Exit.*

No better than you use to do. [*Ex. Ben. at one door. Enter Viola at another.*]

*Viol.* Sifter, I have got Verfes. Signior *Lucio*  
Made them: he and *Balthazar* are within.

*Beat.* Is *Lucio* become a man of meetre?  
That's the next degree upward to the giddy  
Station of a foolish Lover. They are  
Compos'd into a Song too. Sing it *Viola*.

*Viola* fings the SONG.

*Viol.*

**W**Ake all the dead! what ho! what ho!  
How foundly they sleep whose Pillows lye low?  
They mind not poor Lovers who walk above  
On the Decks of the World in storms of love.  
No whisper now nor glance can pass  
Through Wickets or through Panes of Glafs ;  
For our Windows and Doors are shut and barr'd.  
Lye close in the Church, and in the Church-yard.  
In ev'ry Grave make room, make room!  
The Worlds at an end, and we come, we come.

2.

The State is now Love's foe, Love's foe;  
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow;  
Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,  
Because he made way for Lovers to meet.  
But O sad chance, his Judge was old;  
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.  
No man being young, his process would draw.  
O Heavens that love should be subject to law!  
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead!  
Lye two in a Grave, and to Bed, to Bed!

*Enter Lucio, Balthazar.*

*Beat.* Signior *Lucio*, you are grown so desp'rate  
As to write Verfes.

*Luc.* Very little bufiness, much love,  
And no money makes up a parcel-Poet.

*Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and fell men and women like beafts, we fhall haue all the world drinke browne & white baftard.

*Duk.* Oh heauens, what ftuffe is heere.

*Clow.* Twas neuer merry world fince of two vfuries the merriest was put downe, and the worfer allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to fignifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, ftands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way fir: 'bleffe you good Father Frier.

*Duk.* And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

*Elb.* Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a ftrange Pick-lock, which we haue fent to the Deputie.

*Duke.* Fire, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,  
The euill that thou caufest to be done,  
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke  
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe  
From fuch a filthie vice: fay to thy felfe,  
From their abhominable and beaftly touches  
I drinke, I eate away my felfe, and liue:  
Canft thou beleue thy liuing is a life.  
So ftinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

*Clo.* Indeed, it do's ftinke in fome fort, Sir:  
But yet Sir I would proue.

*Duke.* Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for fin  
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to prifon Officer:  
Correction, and Inftitution muft both worke  
Ere this rude beaft will profit.

*Elb.* He muft before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-mafter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as fome would feeme to bee  
From our faults, as faults from feeming free.

But the Verfes are not mine.

*Beat.* Whofe are they?

*Luc.* *Balthazar* knows the Author.

*Balt.* Not better than you, who had them from him.

*Luc.* Pray, Madam, let him tell you.

*Balt.* Excufe me, Sir, I am as chary of  
Getting my friend the ill name of a Poet,  
As you are.

*Beat.* Why Gentlemen, you will not make  
A fecret of telling the hour of the day,  
When your Watches are ready to ftrike?  
Pray whofe are the Verfes?

*Luc.* Madam, the Author's name is *Benedick*.

*Beat.* Is't poffible? I am glad he lies bare  
Under the lafh of the Wits. There are now  
No fuch Tormentors in *Turin* as the Wits.  
Poor *Benedick*, they'll have him on the Rack  
E're night; why they will draw a ftrong line, to  
The fubtle weaknefs of a Spinners thred.

*Balth.* I fear he will be quickly liable  
To a greater torment, than any that  
The Wits can inflict.

*Luc.* Madam, we are your vow'd Servants,  
We cannot chufe but tell you all. *Balthazar*,  
You made the firft difcovery, you may fpeak it.

*Balt.* Madam, 'tis not civil to lengthen your  
Expectation. He is in love.

*Beat.* In love? that were a fudden change, and would fhe  
More of the Moon in him, than is in a Mad-woman.  
Good *Balthazar* with whom?

*Balt.* *Lucio* was ready to dye laughing when  
He found it, and fwore then he would tell you.

*Beat.* Keep your oath, *Lucio*; who is't that has caught him?

*Luc.* Nay, Madam, you now impofe upon me.

*Beat.* Let me intreat you.

*Luc.* Why then, as fure as you can love no Lover,  
He loves you.

*Enter Lucio.*

*Elb.* His necke will come to your waft, a Cord fir.

*Clo.* I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Luc.* How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What faist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What faith thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vvay? Is it fad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus: ſtill vvorſe?

*Luc.* How doth my deere Morfell, thy Miſtris? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

*Clo.* Troth fir, ſhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

*Luc.* Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an vnſhun'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

*Clo.* Yes faith fir.

*Luc.* Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*: farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

*Elb.* For being a baud, for being a baud.

*Luc.* Well, then imprifon him: If imprifonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you vvill keepe the houſe.

*Clo.* I hope Sir, your good Worſhip will be my baile?

*Luc.* No indeed vvil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſtie *Pompey*.

Bleſſe you Friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Luc.* Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

*Elb.* Come your waies fir, come.

*Clo.* You will not baile me then Sir?

*Luc.* Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

*Elb.* Come your waies fir, come.



*Beat.* This sounds like fiction and design.  
 Good *Balthazar*, he is but newly gone  
 From hence, go seek him out, and bring him back;  
 Your friendship may prevail with him.

*Luc.* It will beget more mirth, than belongs  
 To a Morrice, in the month of *May*.

*Balt.* But I beseech you no words of our discovery.

*Beat.* Signior, you may trust me. [Exit Balthazar.  
 Perhaps, *Lucio*, you cannot think it strange,  
 That I believe you of my Party;  
 And fitter for my trust than *Balthazar*.

*Luc.* O no, Madam, I have been trusted by  
 Young Ladies e're now.

*Beat.* Are you sure *Benedick* loves me? he has  
 No fashion of a Lover in publick.

*Luc.* Poor man, he has two contrary extreams  
 Of Love-madness. He is in company  
 As fantastical as a Fencer after  
 His victory in a Prize; but in private  
 He will fight more than an old Dutch Pilot  
 That has lost his Ship.

*Beat.* I shall have rare diversion if his fit holds.

*Luc.* It is not good to jest away mens lives.

*Beat.* I see you are serious: but will you swear this?

*Luc.* If you can endure the coarseness of swearing;  
 I've been unlucky at play in my time,  
 And shall quickly swear like a losing Gamester.

*Beat.* Stay Sir, you may take up the fools commodity  
 Of belief, without ingaging of oaths:  
 I know you are a man of excellent temper.

*Luc.* Madam, I swear by——

*Beat.* I pray Sir hold!——

*Luc.* Nay if you would put me to't.

*Beat.* *Lucio*, you must dissuade him from his love;  
 And I must trust you. I have but one heart,  
 And that is already dispos'd off.

*Luc.* Madam, all Lovers compar'd to *Benedick*,

*Luc.* Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:  
What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

*Duke.* I know none: can you tell me of any?

*Luc.* Some fay he is with the Emperour of *Ruffia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

*Duke.* I know not where: but wherefoeuer, I wifh him well.

*Luc.* It was a mad fantafticall tricke of him to fteale from the State, and vfurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abfence: he puts tranfgreffion too't.

*Duke.* He do's well in't.

*Luc.* A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

*Duk.* It is too general a vice, and feueritie muft cure it.

*Luc.* Yes in good footh, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vvell allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, *Frier*, till eating and drinking be put downe. They fay this *Angelo* vvvas not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vvay of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

*Duke.* How fhould he be made then?

*Luc.* Some report, a Sea-maid fpawn'd him. Some, that he vvvas begot betweene two Stock-fifhes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleafant fir, and fpeake apace.

*Luc.* Why, what a ruthlefse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abfent haue done this? Ere he vvould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baftards, he vvould haue paide for the Nuring a thoufand. He had fome feeling of the fport, hee knew the feruice, and that inftituted him to mercie.

*Duke.* I neuer heard the abfent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vvay.

*Luc.* Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

*Duke.* 'Tis not poffible.

*Luc.* Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vfe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-difh; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, furely.



Are but lamentable Courtiers in old Cloaths.

*Beat.* Truly, he was wont to be merry.

*Luc.* E're he felt Love, his heart was as found  
As any Bell, and his Tongue was the Clapper :  
For what his Heart thought, his Tongue would speak.  
Take heed, you must not lose him.

*Beat.* *Lucio*, my heart is design'd to another.

*Luc.* Madam, may I be bold t'enquire to whom?

*Beat.* You know the man.

*Luc.* Be he what he will, he must shew as ugly  
As a tall man, fitting on a low stool  
Before a Chimney, compar'd to *Benedick*.

*Beat.* You ought not to say so, when I name him.

*Luc.* Madam, I dare justify my friend.

*Beat.* I shall be angry if you compare him  
To him whom I can name. Suppose it is  
Signior *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Madam, I confess Comparisons  
Are somewhat odious.

*Beat.* O, are they so? I pray let me advise you  
Not to lessen your selfe; though I perceive  
You cannot chuse but make much of your friend.

*Luc.* Sits the wind on that side? I must hoist sail  
With Top, and Top-gallant.

*Beat.* But are you not ty'd Sir, by some deep vow  
To wooe for *Benedick*? I am very tender  
Of Mens vows.

*Luc.* Will you believe me, Madam?

*Beat.* Without oaths I beseech you.

*Luc.* He knows as much the matter of this visit,  
As I do of the Great Turk's particular  
Inclination to Red Herring.

*Beat.* Are you in earnest?

*Luc.* *Balthazar* and I  
Were only over officious to serve him.

*Beat.* Nor he is not in love?

*Luc.* No more than a man that goes continually

*Luc.* Sir, I vvas an inward of his: a fhie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleuee I know the caufe of his vvithdrawing.

*Duke.* What (I prethee) might be the cause?

*Luc.* No, pardon: 'Tis a fecret muft bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderftand, the greater file of the fubieft held the Duke to be vvife.

*Duke.* Wife? Why no queftion but he was.

*Luc.* A very fuperficial, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

*Duke.* Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miftaking: The very ftream of his life, and the bufineffe he hath helmed, muft vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him me but teftimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee fhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier: therefore you fpeake vnftilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkened in your malice.

*Luc.* Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

*Duke.* Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

*Luc.* Come Sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly beleuee that, fince you know not what you fpeake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee defire you to make your anfwer before him: if it bee honeft you haue fpoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

*Luc.* Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

*Duke.* He fhall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

*Luc.* I feare you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an oppofite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll forfwere this againe?

*Luc.* Ile be hang'd firft: Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canft thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why fhould he die Sir?

*Luc.* Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-difh: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngeiturd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes muft not build in his houfeeues, becaufe they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie anfwerd, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntruffing. Farwell good Friar, I

To Sea to make discoveries.

*Beat.* Then it appears a little strange,  
That you made this hearty address for him.

*Luc.* On my honour, Madam, it was to get  
Some opportunity to move for my self.

*Beat.* And you think him no extraordinary wit?

*Luc.* So, so, a modest wit, somewhat out of countenance  
Being laugh't at; for then he grows as melancholy  
As a Lodge in a Warren

*Beat.* Right, I use to laugh at him.  
And then there's a Partridge wing fav'd at night;  
For the Fool will eat no Supper.

*Luc.* Madam, I see you know him.

*Beat.* Signior *Lucio*, be kind to your self.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* *Lucio*, if thou were't any thing but *Lucio*,  
I would hug thee to death. Some men in choler  
Rail against Fortune, but I adore her:  
She has made her fail of my Mothers Smock.  
I would the Poets would fend us a dozen  
Such Goddeffes.

[*Enter Balthazar.*

*Bal.* I have been seeking *Benedick*: and I  
Am told now, he's gone up the back-stairs,  
And is in private with the Deputy.  
Where's the Lady *Beatrice*?

*Luc.* *Balthazar*, trouble not your selfe, for men  
May often lose their labour.

*Bal.* How so?

*Luc.* *Benedick* is not the man she aims at.

*Bal.* He's very singular and eminent.  
But I confess, this angling for Ladies  
Is a very subtle sport.

*Luc.* There are Fishes of fantastical palats;  
And will sometimes sooner bite at a Worm,  
Than at a *May-Flye*.

*Bal.* She has a full fortune. Twelve thousand Crowns  
A year

*Luc.* He will be safe from Creditors that has her.

[*Enter Viola.*

prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.*

*Duke.* No might, nor greatnesse in mortality  
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calummie  
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,  
Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong?  
But who comes heere?

*Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.*

*Efc.* Go, away with her to prison.

*Bawd.* Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

*Efc.* Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

*Pro.* A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

*Bawd.* My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Lacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

*Efc.* That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

*Pro.* So please you, this Friar hath bene with him, and aduis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

*Efc.* Good'euen, good Father.

*Duke.* Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

*Efc.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now  
To vse it for my time: I am a brother  
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,  
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

*Efc.* What newes abroad i'th World?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the diffolution of it must cure it. Noueltie is onely in request, and as it is as

*Viol.* Signior *Lucio*, my Sister would speak with you.

[*Exit.*

*Luc. Balthazar*, I must e'en retire from business;

You see I cannot rest for Ladies.

*Balt.* I prethee put the matter home.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

*Enter Duke in Fryers Habit, Claudio, and Provost.*

*Claud.* Father, I thank you! I am now of Death's

Small party, 'gainst the Crowd who strive for life.

[*Enter Isab.*

*Isab.* What ho! Grace dwell within!

*Prov.* Who's there? the wife deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear Sir, e're long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most rev'rend Sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with *Claudio*.

*Prov.* You are welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me, where I conceal'd

May hear them speak.

[*Ex. Duke, Provost.*

*Claud.* Now Sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* 'Tis such as earthly comforts use to be,

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to Heaven,

Intends you for his swift Ambassador.

Therefore your best appointment make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* Yes Brother, you may live;

There is a devilish mercy in the Judge

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* 'Tis worse than close restraint, and painful too

Beyond all tortures which afflict the body;

For 'tis a Rack invented for the mind.

*Claud.* But of what nature is it?

*Isab.* 'Tis such, as should you give it your consent,

Would leave you stript of all the wreaths of War,

All ornaments my Father's valour gain'd,

And shew you naked to the scornful world.

dangerous to be aged in any kinde of courfe, as it is vertuous to be conftant in any vndertaking. There is fcarfe truth enough alieue to make Societies fecure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurft: Much vpon this riddle runs the wifedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what difpofition was the Duke?

*Efc.* One, that aboue all other ftrifes,  
Contented efpecially to know himfelfe.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he giuen to?

*Efc.* Rather rejoycing to fee another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euent, with a praier they may proue prosperous, & let me defire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderftand, that you haue lent him vifitation.

*Duke.* He profefles to haue receiued no finifter measure from his Iudge, but moft willingly humbles himfelfe to the determination of Iuftice: yet had he framed to himfelfe (by the inftitution of his frailty) manie deceyuing promifes of life, which I (by my good leifure) haue difcredited to him, and now is he refolu'd to die.

*Efc.* You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prifoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremeft fhore of my modeftie, but my brother-Iuftice haue I found fo feuer, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iuftice.

*Duke.* If his owne life,  
Anfwere the ftraitneffe of his proceeding,  
It fhall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath fentenc'd himfelfe.

*Efc.* I am going to vifit the prifoner, Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you.  
He who the fword of Heauen will beare,  
Should be as holy, as feueare:  
Patterne in himfelfe to know,  
Grace to ftand, and Vertue go:  
More, nor leffe to others paying,  
Then by felfe-offences weighing.  
Shame to him, whofe cruell ftriking,  
Kils for faults of his owne liking:  
Twice trebble fhame on *Angelo*,



*Claud.* Acquaint me with my doom.

*Ifab.* If I could fear thee, *Claudio*, I should weep  
Left thou a shameful life shouldst entertain,  
And fix or seven short Winters more respect,  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ft thou dye?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the small Beetle, when we tread on it,  
In corp'ral suff'rance, finds a pang as great,  
As when a Gyant dyes.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From tendernefs? If I must dye,  
I'll welcome darkness as a shining Bride.

*Ifab.* There spoke my Brother: there my Fathers Grave  
Utter'd chearful voice. Yes, you must dye,  
You are too noble to conserve a life  
By wretched remedies. Our outward Saint  
Does in his gracious looks disguise the Devil.  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A Pond, as foul as Hell.

*Claud.* The princely *Angelo*?

*Ifab.* Oh, he is uglier than the frightful Fiend,  
By Pencils of our cloyster'd Virgins drawn.  
Speak, *Claudio*, could you think, you might on earth  
Be guiltless made by him, if I would Heaven  
(Which never injur'd us) foully offend?

*Claud.* Infernal *Angelo*! can this be true?

*Ifab.* Yes, he would clear you from your blackest crimes,  
By making me much blacker than himself,  
This night's the time, when he would have me do  
What I abhor to name, or else you must  
Be dead to morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Ifab.* O, were it but my life,  
I would for your deliverance throw it down,  
Most frankly, *Claudio*.

*Claud.* Thanks dear *Ifabella*.





*Ifab.* Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

*Claud.* Has he Religion in him? sure he thinks  
It is no sin, or of the deadly seven  
He does believe it is the least.

*Ifab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being wife.  
Why should he for the momentary taste  
Of lust, eternally be fed with fire?  
But *Ifabell*——

*Ifab.* What says my Brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Ifab.* And living flame more hateful.  
Sure you have study'd what it is to dye.

*Claud.* Oh Sister, 'tis to go we know not whither.  
We lye in silent darknefs, and we rot;  
Where long our motion is not stopt; for though  
In Graves none walk upright (proudly to face  
The Stars) yet there we move again, when our  
Corruption makes those worms in whom we crawl.  
Perhaps the Spirit (which is future life)  
Dwells *Salamander*-like, unharm'd in fire:  
Or else with wand'ring winds is blown about  
The world. But if condemn'd like those  
Whom our incertain thought imagines howling;  
Than the most loath'd and the most weary life  
Which Age, or Ache, want, or imprisonment  
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Ifab.* Alas, alas!

*Claud.* Sweet Sister! I would live,  
Were not the ranfom of my life much more  
Than all your honour and your virtue too  
(By which you are maintain'd) can ever pay,  
Without undoing both.

*Ifab.* Prepare your self, your line of life is short.

*Claud.* I am prepar'd: but Sister, if  
Your Brother you did ever love; or if



Our Mothers pity may your pattern be,  
 Let *Juliet* in your tender bosom dwell;  
 Who has no blemish, if such Laws  
 As innocent antiquity allow'd,  
 Were now of force, or if Religion here  
 In *Turin*, did not more subsist  
 By publick form, than private use.

*Ifab.* You want Authority to tax the Law.  
 Let your submission your last virtue be.

*Claud.* Will you be good to *Juliet*?

*Ifab.* I will invite her to my breast, and to  
 A cloyster'd shade, where we with mutual grief  
 Will mourn, in sad remembrance of our loss.

*Claud.* Your promise is now register'd in Heaven.

Bear her this fatal pledge of our first Vows.

[Gives her a Ring.]

Farewel. To cloyst'rall kindness both

Retire, where you may ever live above

The rage of pow'r, and injuries of love.

[Exit, and the Duke steps in.]

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young Sister, but one word.

(Steps in.)

*Ifab.* What is your will?

*Duke.*

*Duke.* I would some satisfaction crave of that,  
 In which you likewise may have benefit.

*Ifab.* My sorrows, Father, hasten me away.  
 I must beseech you to be brief.

*Duke.* The hand which made you fair, has made you good.

Th' assault which *Angelo* has to

Your virtue given, chance to my knowledge brings.

I have overheard you, and with much astonishment

I gaze on th' Image you have made of *Angelo*

*Ifab.* How is the noble Duke deceiv'd in such  
 A Substitute? whose wickedness I will  
 Proclaim to all the world.

*Duke.* Your accusation he will soon avoid,  
 By saying he but tryal of

Your virtue made; therefore I wish you would  
 Conceal his horrid purpose till fit time



Shall ferve you at the Duke's return :

Do you conceive my counfel good?

*Ifab.* Father I am oblig'd to follow it.

*Duke.* Where lodge you, virtuous Maid?

*Ifab.* The Sifterhood of Saint Clare will foon inform you.

I lodge in the Apartment for probation.

*Duke.* There I'll attend you Daughter. Grace preferve you.

[*Exeunt feveral ways*]

*Enter Benedick and Beatrice at feveral doors,  
and Viola with her.*

*Beat.* O Sir! you are a very princely Lover!

You cannot woo but by Ambaffadors;

And may chance to marry by Proxy.

*Ben.* Your wit flows fo faft.

That I'll not ftem the tyde; I'll caft Anchor,

And confult in your Cabin how t'avoid

Danger. The Rocks are very near us.

*Beat.* How now? afraid of the Deputy's Ghoft  
E're he be dead? my Sifter fhall lead you  
Through the dark.

*Ben.* There is the Pardon.

Sign'd for *Juliet* and for *Claudio* too.

*Beat.* I thank you, *Benedick*. Give it me.

*Ben.* You are as nimble as a Squirrel, but  
The Nuts are not fo foon crackt.

*Beat.* Unlefs I have it I'll take back my thanks.

*Ben.* If it be poffible to fix Quick-filver  
Stay but a little.

*Beat.* What would you fay?

*Ben.* *Efchalus* is in the Plot,  
And was brought to't with more fears, than a furr'd  
Alderman to an infurrection  
Of Prentices.

*Beat.* Signior *Efchalus*? could his gravity  
Venture to change his Gold Chain for a Halter?

*Ben.* I was fain to pretend hourly correpondence  
With th' abfent Duke; which gain'd me his refpect.



I affur'd him a promotion, and then  
 He grew willing to betray his Friend  
 And fellow-States-man my Brother. For men  
 Of that Tribe are very loving, but especially  
 To themselves. He furpriz'd the Signet,  
 And counterfeited the hand.

*Beat.* Give it me, I long to be about it.

*Ben.* A little patience; You would make your self  
 Ready without your Glaſs.

*Beat.* Theſe male-Conſpirators are ſo tedious.

*Ben.* I muſt convey it to the Provost, and  
 Engage his ſecrecy.

*Beat.* Make haſte, you muſt not ſtay  
 So long as to be civil to him at parting.

*Ben.* My Coach attends me at the Gate.

*Beat.* O, I forgot! your two Confed'rates have  
 Been here, and brought verſes from you.

*Ben.* Verſes? and from me?

*Beat.* Yes, and they woo'd for you, but *Lucio*  
 Was ſoon perſwaded to ſpeak for himſelf.  
 He ſays you are a meer Country-Wit.

*Ben.* I'll dip him in this Plot, till he grow ſolemn  
 With buſineſs. If it were fit  
 To be malicious, that Caytiff, *Lucio*, ſhould have his  
 Coxcomb cut off for fooliſh Treafon.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*]

*Enter Eſchelus meeting Benedick.*

*Eſch.* My Lord, the Warrant for the Pardon? have you it?

*Ben.* Why aſk you, Sir?

*Eſch.* Still wear it in your hand, and watch it there.

*Ben.* I keep it 'tween my Finger and my Thumb,  
 As cloſe as a catcht Flea.

Are you afraid it will ſkip from me?

*Eſch.* The matter is of dreadful conſequence.

*Ben.* Fear nothing, Sir; the World would ſtill  
 Run ſwiftly round; but for you State-Cripples,  
 Who make it halt with your politick ſtops  
 Of too much caution.

To vveede my vice, and let his grow.  
Oh, what may Man within him hide,  
Though Angel on the outward fide?  
How many likeneffe made in crimes,  
Making practice on the Times,  
To draw with ydle Spiders ftrings  
Most ponderous and substantiall things?  
Craft against vice, I must applie.  
With *Angelo* to night shall lye  
His old betrothed (but despised :)  
So disguise shall by th'disguised  
Pay with falsehood, false exacting,  
And performe an olde contracting.



*Efch.* If your Brother, the Deputy,  
Circumvent us, you'll secure me by the Duke?

*Ben.* You shall add a lease of my life to your own.

Be resolute, I am in haste.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter Jailor, Juliet.*

*Viola knocking within.*

*Viol. within.* My Cousin Juliet, are you here? [*Jailor opens the door.*]

This fellow lookse like a man boy'd

[*Enter Viola.*]

In Pomp-water. Is he marry'd.

*Jul.* Are you not frighted with this dismal place?

How does your Sister? speak, does she not blush

When she remembers me?

*Viol.* I bring you good news!

Cousin, I would not meet that man in the dark.

Does he dwell here to lock up children

That are imprison'd for crying?

*Jul.* Tell me your happy news; Dear *Viola*!

*Viol.* Nay I can tell you none, yet 'tis very good.

You shall hear all to morrow.

*Jul.* To morrow is the last in my short Calendar.

*Viol.* I have heard more than I will speak. You shall

Come forth and lye with me, and dream all night

Of new Dreffings, and dance all day.

*Jul.* Would I had ne're outliv'd this innocence.

*Viol.* Do your Judges dwell here? were I that man,

I would walk in the dark and fright 'em.

*Jul.* That man does do you hurt. Let us retire.

Had I been wither'd at her Beauties spring,

And stay'd from growing at her growth of mind,

I had not known the cruel nor the kind.

Those who outlive her years do but improve

The knowledge of those griefs which grow with Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Aetus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Mariana, and Boy finging.*

Song.     *Take, oh take those lips away,  
              that so sweetly were forsworne,  
And those eyes: the breake of day  
              lights that doe mislead the Morne;  
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,  
Seales of loue, but /eal'd in vaine, /eal'd in vaine.*

*Enter Duke.*

*Mar.* Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,  
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.  
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish  
You had not found me here so musically.  
Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,  
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duk.* 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme  
To make bad, good and good prouoke to harme.  
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon  
this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

*Mar.* You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

*Enter Isabell.*

*Duk.* I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come euen now. I shall  
craue your forbearance alittle, may be I will call vpon you anone for some  
aduantage to your selfe.

*Mar.* I am alwayes bound to you.

*Exit.*

*Duk.* Very well met, and well come:  
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

*Ifab.* He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,  
Whose westerne fide is with a Vineyard back't;  
And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,  
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:  
This other doth command a little doore,

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Benedick, Lucio, Balthazar.*

*Ben.* **L**ucio, you broke from our confed'racy  
Against marriage, then woo'd in my behalf;  
And afterwards for your self.

*Luc.* Do but hear me.

*Ben.* Excuses are like weak  
Referves after a Battel is loft.

*Luc.* Let me be heard; for if poor Truth  
Have a tongue of her own and must not use it;  
Why then she may retire into a corner,  
And weep out her eyes.

*Ben.* What can you say?

*Luc.* I meant no more love to the Lady *Beatrice*,  
Than I do to wooe an arrested Widow,  
With a Serenade at a Prison Grate.

*Balthazar* knows my heart.

*Balt.* I know sev'ral of your hearts.  
Men are not i'th' fashion unless they have  
Change of ev'ry thing.

*Luc.* I ever thought her a Mermaid.

*Ben.* How so?

*Luc.* From the Breasts downward she's as cold as a Fish.

*Ben.* Well *Lucio*, I'll call none but the Four Winds  
T'accompt for what is past. Look, Sir,— thus I  
Blow away your offences: but you must  
Be steddy now, and diligent. I told  
You my design for *Claudio's* preservation.  
The Provost was your Unkles Creature, and  
By him prefer'd.

*Balt.* The Provost will make good  
Our trust, and ev'ry character of gratitude.

*Ben.* You must engage him, *Lucio*, and discern  
By what pretext or obstacle the Fryar  
Proceeds so far to interrupt our hopes.



*Luc.* I'll bind the Provost to your service in  
His own shackles. And, concerning the Fryar,  
I'll straight confess him, and you shall know all.

*Ben.* Be fudden and successful, go.

[*Exit Lucio.*]

*Enter Beatrice, and Page.*

*Beat.* O, are you come? I would have cry'd you as  
A lost thing, but that I knew I should have  
The ill luck to find you again.

*Ben.* You trip it too fast.

You need not be so swift to meet misfortune.  
I had just now a Letter from the Provost;  
Who either suspects the truth of the Pardon,  
Because I enjoin'd him to secrecy,  
Or else is led by a Fryer to some fresh  
Design.

*Beat.* Are we circumvented by a Fryer?  
Rather than not vex that Fryer, I'll invent  
A new Sect, and preach in a Hat and Feather.

*Ben.* 'Tis strange that men of their discretion,  
Should come abroad in old fashion Gowns,  
And dress'd with abominable negligence.

*Beat.* Bus'ness make them great flovens, and they love  
To be busie.

*Ben.* And never observe  
The right seasons when they are necessary.  
For though we are content with their company  
When we are old and dying; yet (methinks)  
They should not trouble us with their good counsel,  
When we are young, and in good health.

*Balt.* Alas poor Book-men! they want breeding.

*Beat.* Can we not separate the wicked Provost,  
From this scrupulous Fryer?

*Ben.* I have sent *Lucio* to him.

*Beat. Benedick,*  
We will cast off the serious faces of  
Conspirators, and appear to the Deputy



As merry, and as gay, as Nature in  
The Spring. This Houfe fhall be all Carnaval,  
All Mafquerade.

*Ben.* Good! we will laugh him out  
Of's Politicks, till he make Paper-Kites  
Of *Machiavel's* Books, and play with his Pages  
In the Fields.

*Balt.* And fhall we fing and dance.

*Beat.* 'Till the old Senators lead forth  
The Burghers Widows, and cry out for a Pavin.  
Page, call *Viola* with her Caftanietos;  
And bid *Bernardo* bring his Guittar.

[*Exit Page.*

*Ben.* My Brother will not endure this habitation.

*Balt.* He'll rather to Sea, and dwell in a Gun-room.

*Ben.* Or lye round like a Sextons Dog, beneath  
The great Bell in a Steeple. [ *Viola strikes the Caftanietos within.*

*Beat.* Hearn! *Viola* has ta'ne th' alarm.

*Ben.* Thofe Caftanietos found  
Like a Comfort of Squirrels cracking of Nuts.

*Enter Viola dancing a Saraband awhile with Caftanietos.*

*Beat.* Shall we ftand idle in feafons of bufinefs?  
You have Feathers on your head *Benedick*;  
Have you none at your heels?

*Ben.* I am, Lady,  
So very a Kid at cap'ring, that you  
May make Gloves of my fkin. *Balthazar!*  
Call for more Mufick.

*Balt.* Not for me, Sir.  
I can dance at the meer tolling of a Bell.

] *They dance.*

*After the Dance, enter Efchalus.*

*Efch.* Have you no apprehenfion of the Deputy?  
Are you infenfible?

*Beat.* Do you fufpect  
We are infenfible by our want of motion?

*Ben.* You fhould provide my Brother-Deputy  
A Polititians quilted Cap to cover  
His ears. 'Twill preferve him from noife.





*Beat.* These politick men should keep company  
With their fellow-Foxes in deep holes.

*Balt.* He'll grow so angry, that he'll lay the punishments  
Of Law aside, and Pistol us with his own hand.

*Efch.* This, Signior, is not the right way to meet  
Your Brothers temper.

*Ben.* Signior, my meaning is  
To avoid the way where I may meet my Brother.  
I'll prove a very Crab to him; for still  
As he proceeds, I purpose to go backward.

*Efch.* I hope you'll be cautious about the Pardon.

*Ben.* Pray mingle so much courage with your wisdom,  
As may bring you into the possibility  
Of sleep again.

*Efch.* Sir, I more than beseech you  
Not to provoke your Brothers gravity  
With fantastical noises.

*Ben.* Believe me, we  
Are politick; and do it to disguise  
That melancholly which belongs to design.

*Efch.* That may do well.

*Ben.* Go up and retire with him.  
If you stay here, he'll take you for a man  
Of mirth; and then you'll lose his favour.

*]Exit Efchalus.*

*Beat.* 'Tis fit, *Benedick*, you seek *Lucio* out,  
To learn quickly the Provost's resolution.  
I'll go change my scene to the Garden-Terras,  
Under your Brother's Window, that I may  
Torment him with new noises.

*Viol.* Shall I fetch the great Girls that make Bone-Lace,  
To sing out of tune to their Bobbins?

*Beat.* Do, *Viola*. Let them be long lean Wenches.

*Viol.* And we'll hang a dozen Cages of Parrots  
At his Window, to tell him what's a Clock. *]Exeunt several ways.*

*Enter Lucio and Provost.*

*Luc.* I'd speak with that Fryer who obstructs the Pardon.

*Prov.* His business with *Claudio* being done, he shall attend you.



[*Enter Fool in a Shackle.*]

*Luc.* Fool! what, a Pris'ner? I thought fooling had  
Been free.

*Fool.* Fooling is free before the wife:  
But truly, Signior, a Fool can no more  
Suffer a Fool, than one of the Wits can  
Endure another Wit.

*Prov.* You, Sirrah, are committed for the worst  
Kind of fooling. You have brought both Sexes  
Together.

*Luc.* A Bawd? alas poor Fool! instead of being  
In jeaft, you have been in earnest!

*Fool.* I dealt with persons of quality,  
With whom I thought fit to be mannerly.  
Was't civil to let them meet to no purpose?

*Prov.* You have been civil indeed.

*Fool.* All deeds must submit to interpretation.  
For my part to prevent all animosities  
And heart-burnings between young men and women,  
I brought them lovingly together.

*Luc.* A Bawd in a Fools Coat?

*Prov.* Mistris Mitigation gave him the Livery.

*Luc.* 'Tis a villainous new disguise  
For the good old Cause.  
How does Mother Midnight? what, she grows rich?

*Fool.* Signior, she's eaten up all her Beef now,  
And is herself in the Tub.

*Luc.* Powder'd to make her last. 'Tis not amiss.  
But prethee, what mean those Keys at thy Girdle?

*Prov.* I have preferred him. He's an under-Jaylor.

*Luc.* You have but chang'd your dwelling, Fool; your office  
Is the same; for you were wont to keep doors. [Enter Duke.

*Prov.* Sirrah, look to your Pris'ners. Signior *Lucio*,  
I shall leave you with this reverend Father. [Ex. Provost, Fool.

*Luc.* Good day, Father.

*Duke.* And to you, Sir, a long and a good life.

*Luc.* Father, I aim at no difficult things:



If it be fhort and fweet, I'm fatisfy'd.

*Duke.* How mean you, Sir?

*Luc.* Nay, I'm not now prepar'd for confeffion; befides I'm in great hafte. You muft needs prevail With the Provoff to let the Pardon pafs.

*Duke.* Some hours after the date of the Pardon, An Order came hither for Execution, Which had proceeded too, if Fryer *Thomas* Had not, by help of the Deputy's Confeffor, Got a Reprieve till to morrow.

*Luc.* Th' abfent Duke was a true friend to Lovers.

*Duke.* It feems you know the Duke?

*Luc.* Know him? yes Fryar, very well. I had th' honour To be of his Council: but I mean, Sir, In midnight matters. He was about once To raife a charitable foundation; Not for loufie learning, or fuch Cripples As creep from loft Battels, but for poor Difeas'd Lovers.

*Duke.* I did not think he had been amorous.

*Luc.* Who, he? yes as far as to your Begger Of fifty: and he us'd to put a Ducket In her Clack-Difh.

*Duke.* Is't poffible?

He was not, fure, in's youth this way inclin'd.

*Luc.* No, he began to fteer The right courfe about forty; but, good man, He repented the loft time of his youth.

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Virtue's defensive Armour muft be ftrong, To fcape the merry, and malicious Tongue.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Jaylor, Ifabella.*

*Ifab.* Good Friend be courteous, and let *Juliet* know My name is *Ifabella*, and I come To ferve her. Will you fo much favour me? There's for your pains——

*Jayl.* You muft ftay here, till I fhall fend her to you.

[*Exit Jaylor.*

*Ifab.* A Prifon is too good a Den for



This rude Beast.

Have comfort Sister! I must call you so;  
Though the uncivil Law will not allow  
You yet that name.

*Jul.* I am not worthy of it.

*Ifab.* Since you have spoke so humbly of your self,  
You must and shall be comforted: perhaps  
Like conscience, love, when satisfy'd within,  
May oft offend the Law, and yet not sin.

*Jul.* I find the greatest love is an offence;  
For greatest love is greatest confidence;  
When, trusting those who for our credence woo,  
We trust them with our love and honour too.

*Ifab.* I come to bring your sorrows some relief;  
And would your crime not lessen but your grief.

*Jul.* How can I lose that honour which I gave  
To him, who can and will that honour save?

*Ifab.* When you your honour did to *Claudio* give,  
Coz'ning your self, you did our Sex deceive.  
Honour is publick treasure, and 'tis fit  
Law should in publick form dispose of it.

*Jul.* Oh *Ifabella*! you are cruel grown.

*Ifab.* Sister! you gave much more than was your own.

*Jul.* I lov'd too much; yet for your Brother's sake,  
Who had that love, you my excuse should make.

*Ifab.* My Mothers life did fair example give  
How, after death we might unpunisht live.  
She, dying, did my Childhood then assign  
To *Claudio*'s care; he leaves you now to mine.

*Jul.* Oh Heav'n! you mean that *Claudio* now must dye;  
And I am now become a Legacy?

*Ifab.* My friends are suing for your liberty,  
And that you may secure from penance be.

*Jul.* What need I for the shame of Penance care?  
No blush e're dy'd the paleness of despair.

*Ifab.* Do not, with weeping, vainly quench your eyes.  
Tears are to Heaven a useful Sacrifice

[*Enter Juliet.*  
[*Ifab. salutes her.*





Where ev'ry drop moves mercy; but they gain  
On Earth no more remorse than common Rain.

*Jul.* Is there no means your Brother's life to save?

*Ifab.* None that I would afford, or he would have?  
Yet can I not affirm that there is none.

*Jul.* Oh call back Hope, which faster does from us run.

*Ifab.* Sifter, you call in vain; for when you know  
How wicked now Saint *Angelo* does grow,  
You will rejoice that Death makes *Claudio* free;  
And think your Bonds more safe than liberty.

*Jul.* Is *Angelo* as wicked as severe?

*Ifab.* I more his kindness now than anger fear.

*Jul.* To what would Tyrant-force kindly persuade!

*Ifab.* He gently treats, then rudely does invade.  
I dare not give his purpos'd sin a name;  
It is too hard a word for untaught shame.

*Jul.* False Image of refin'd authority!

*Ifab.* Unless I yield my Brother is to dye.  
Just now I left the Guards drawn up, who wait  
For Execution at the Prison Gate.

*Jul.* Oh *Ifabell*! why are we useless made?  
Too weak to enforce, and artless to persuade:  
Nor you nor I can any help afford  
To your dear Brother, and my plighted Lord.  
Yet you have means; but must not have the will  
By evil to prevent a greater ill.

*Ifab.* Have I the means? your grief misleads your tongue.——

[*She is going out.*]

*Jul.* I would do *Claudio* good, and you no wrong.  
Your virtue is severe! hear me but speak!  
My heart will else out of my bosom break.

*Ifab.* Speak clearly then. You are not understood.  
May none do ill, that so they may do good?  
Nature no greater gift than life can give.

*Ifab.* By virtue we our nature long outlive.

*Jul.* Can it be virtue to let *Claudio* dye?

*Ifab.* His life should not be sav'd by infamy.

Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,  
There haue I made my promise, vpon the  
Heauy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Ifab.* I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,  
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did shew me  
The way twice ore.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

*Ifab.* No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,  
And that I haue possesse, him, my most stay  
Can be but brieft: for I haue made him know,  
I haue a Seruant comes with me along  
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,  
I come about my Brother.

*Duk.* 'Tis well borne vp.  
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

*Enter Mariana.*

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,  
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,  
She comes to doe you good.

*Ifab.* I doe desire the like.

*Duk.* Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

*Mar.* Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand  
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:  
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mar.* Wilt please you walke aside.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies  
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report  
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest  
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,  
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

*Jul.* Loath'd Infamy confits of evils grown  
 So impudent as covet to be known.  
 But those seem least which bashtfully we shun,  
 At first, and then for good intent are done.

*Ifab.* Sister, you argue wildly in your grief.  
 You are too good to seek a bad relief  
 For Claudio; therefore look for no reply.

*Jul.* I look for none; yet would not have him dye.——

[*Going out.*]

*Ifab.* You seem'd to intimate that bashtfulness  
 At evil doing makes the evil less;  
 That when we good intend by doing ill,  
 We bring necessity t' excuse our will:  
 And that our faults, when hidden by our shame,  
 Pass free from blemish, if they scape from blame.

*Jul.* Forget my words. How could they be but weak,  
 When grief did make those thoughts which fear did speak.

*Ifab.* Suppose I can a likely way devise,  
 That you, assisted aptly by disguise,  
 May take to night my place with *Angelo*:  
 The means is not remote: what will you do?

*Jul.* I am amaz'd and apprehend you not.

*Ifab.* Your sudden ignorance is strangely got.

I now am going to the Deputy;  
 To make to his request my last reply;  
 And I perhaps may promise willingness,  
 But on conditions made for my access  
 With bashtful privacy retir'd from light;  
 From ev'ry witness too but secret night;  
 Whose thickest Curtains shall immure the Room;  
 Where for my promise person you may come.  
 Thus *Claudio's* life you save and lose no fame;  
 For where none sees we cannot feel our shame.  
 Ascribe to dire necessity the ill,  
 The good of it belongs then to your will.  
 Quickly resolve and I'll prepare your way.

*Jul.* Ere I will Claudio in my self betray,  
 I will the torment of his death endure:

*Enter Mariana and I/abella.*

*I/ab.* Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,  
If you aduife it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*I/a.* Little haue you to fay  
When you depart from him, but foft and low,  
Remember now my brother.

*Mar.* Feare me not.

*Duk.* Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:  
He is your husband on a pre-contract:  
To bring you thus together 'tis no finne,  
Sith that the Iuftice of your title to him  
Doth flourifh the deceit. Come, let vs goe,  
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to fow.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Prouoft and Clowne.*

*Pro.* Come hither firha; can you cut off a mans head?

*Clo.* If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:  
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,  
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

*Pro.* Come fir, leaue me your fnatches, and yeeld mee a direct anfwere.  
To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our  
prifon a common executioneer, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will  
take it on you to affift him, it fhall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not,  
you shall haue your full time of imprifonment, and your deliuerance with an  
vn pittied whipping; for you haue been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I haue been an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will  
bee content to be a lawful hangman; I would bee glad to receiue fome in-  
ftruccion from my fellow partner.

*Pro.* What hoa, *Abhorfon*: where's *Abhorfon* there?

*Enter Abhorson.*

*Abh.* Doe you call fir?

His ficknefs more becomes him than the cure.

*Ifab.* How *Juliet*? can you righteoufly refute  
Th' expedient which you plead that I fhould ufe?  
Go chide the paffion which would have me do,  
That which, though ill in both, feems leaft in you:  
The good or ill redemption of his life,  
Does lefs concern his Sifter than his Wife.

*Jul.* Alas, we know not what is good or ill.

*Ifab.* Perhaps we fhould not learn that fatal skill.  
The Serpent taught it firft. Sifter, away!

We'll more for patience, than for knowledge pray. [Ex. feveral ways.

*Enter* Balthazar, Beatrice, Jaylor, Page.

*Beat.* Where's *Viola*? have I loft her? that fcare-crow  
Makes a very Bird of her.

*Balt.* She's run up ftairs, Madam, to inform  
Your Coufin *Juliet* of your being here.

*Beat.* Methinks this Fellow looks not only ill,  
But faucily ill.

*Balt.* How fo Madam?

*Beat.* 'Tis impudence to fhew fo bad a face  
In good company——Friend, I'll reward you.

*Jayl.* The fooner the better.

*Beat.* You fhall wear my Colours;  
Boy, when he comes abroad  
Bid my Lacquies be careful to cudjel him.

*Jayl.* I thank you.

[Exit Jaylor.

*Enter* Viola.

*Viol.* My Coufin *Juliet* has lockt her felf in  
Her Chamber. I faw her through the Keyhole,  
Weeping like Nurfe when fhe loft her Wedding Ring.

*Beat.* *Juliet*, I cannot but  
Pity thy private friendfhip, but am more  
Vext at our publick Enemy, thy Judge——

*Balt.* Your tears, Madam, fhew more pity than anger.

*Bcat.* No, Sir, great ftorms do oft begin with Rain. [Enter Benedick.

*Ben.* I faw your Coach at the Prifon Gate, Lady,  
And thought y' had been arrested on

*Pro.* Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

*Abh.* A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will difcredit our mysterie.

*Pro.* Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

*Clo.* Pray, fir, by your good fauor: for surely fir, a good fauor you haue but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call fir, your occupation a Mysterie?

*Abh.* I Sir, a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Painting Sir, I haue heard fay, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, vsing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abh.* Sir, it is a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Prooffe.

*Abh.* Euerie true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

*Enter Prouost.*

*Pro.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will ferue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiuenesse.

*Pro.* You firrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

*Abh.* Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learne fir: and I hope, if you haue occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shal finde me y'are. For truly fir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:  
Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,  
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

*Enter Claudio.*

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,



Suspicion of love; which now is made high-Treason in Natural Bodies by the Body politick.

*Beat.* I should marvel, *Benedick*, how you had The face to come within fight of my Sex. But that ill faces, being common, are No cause of wonder.

*Ben.* Mine's a politick face; and few of that fort Are held handfom: so politick that it Will hardly be seduc'd to make another In these dangerous times.

*Beat.* So politick, as I'd have you walk only At night, and with a dark Lanthorn before you; That, though you see others, none may see you. You are one of those whom I think unlucky.

*Ben.* This gloomy place presents you with strange visions, Your Coach attends you. I pray change the Scene.

*Beat.* Whither? to see your Brothers Guards drawn up For *Claudio*'s execution, 'las poor women They get much by you men.

*Ben.* Truly, 'tis thought they might get more; For men are always civilly willing, Though ever blam'd. But patience, and we shall Have right when we are heard.

*Beat.* Heard? yes, may she Who henceforth listens to your fighting Sex, Have her Afs-ears in publick bor'd, as Love's Known Slave, and wear for Pendants Morrice-Bells As his fantastick Fool.

*Ben.* No whisp'ring the Platonick way?

*Beat.* Platonick way? my Cousin has Plato'd it Profoundly; has she not? i'th' name of mischief, Make friendship with your selves, and not with us. Let ev'ry *Damon* of you, chuse his *Pitheas*, And tattle Romantick Philosophy Together, like bearded Gossips.

*Ben.* Though such conversation might breed peace in A Palace, yet 'twould make but a thin Court.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow  
Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

*Cla.* As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,  
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,  
He will not wake.

*Pro.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noife?  
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,  
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue  
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,  
Inuellip you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

*Pro.* None since the Curphew rung.

*Duke.* Not *Ifabell*?

*Pro.* No.

*Duke.* They will then er't be long.

*Pro.* What comfort is for *Claudio*?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Pro.* It is a bitter Deputie.

*Duke.* Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd  
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:  
He doth with holie abstinence subdue  
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre  
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that  
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,  
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.  
This is a gentle Prouost, fildome when  
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:  
How now? what noife? That spirit's possest with haft,  
That wounds th'vulsiſting Posterne with these strokes.

*Pro.* There he must stay vntil the Officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

*Duke.* Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?  
But he must die to morrow?

*Pro.* None Sir, none.



*Beat.* Difcourfe all day, lolling like lazy ill-  
Bred-Wits, with your right Legs o're your left Knees:  
Defining love, 'till he becomes as raw,  
As if he were defected by Anatomifts.  
Give Balls and Serenades to your dear felves.

*Ben.* That were (as we are taught by the old Proverb)  
To *Be merry and wife.*

[*Enter Lucio.*

*Luc.* We fhall be more  
Troubled with this fidling Fryer, than with ten  
Lay-Fools. He has fo infected the Provost  
With good counfel, that there is no hope from him.  
The Guards are doubled at the Prifon Gate;  
And *Claudio* is to dye at break of day.

*Beat.* Where's now your valour, Sir?  
Is furious *Benedick* like Beafts of prey,  
Couragious only in the Field,  
And with familiar tameneſs creep in Towns  
Beneath the anger of your Feeders Law?  
Jaylor, where are you? bring me to my Coufin?

[*Ex Beat. Viol.*

*Ben.* She's rais'd to a moſt amiable humour.  
Now is your time, *Lucio*, to make love to her.

*Luc.* I am now for the Platonick way of billing  
Like meek Turtles, without the noiſe of paſſion.

*Balt.* We, *Lucio*, who are parcel-Lovers, ſhould  
Mourn like Turtles over a Bottle in  
Theſe days of perfecution.

*Ben.* Signiors prepare t'offend the Laws, I find  
I muſt grow rude, and make bold with my Brother.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

*Enter Provost, Duke.*

*Prov.* The Guards thus doubled at the Prifon Gate,  
Confirms my doubt that Signior *Benedick*  
Did counterfeit the pardon which he brought.

*Duke.* You have another Prifoner here  
Condemn'd to dye?

*Prov.* The wicked *Bernardin*, hath long  
Been a moſt painful, and a watchful Robber,  
But now the ſhort remainder of his life,

*Duke.* As neere the dawning Prouoft, as it is,  
You fhall heare more ere Morning.

*Pro.* Happely  
You fomething know: yet I beleeeue there comes  
No countermand: no fuch example haue we:  
Befides, vpon the verie fiege of Iuftice,  
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare  
Profest the contrarie.

*Enter a Meffenger.*

*Duke.* This is his Lords man.

*Pro.* And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

*Meff.* My Lord hath fent you this note,  
And by mee this further charge;  
That you fwerue not from the fmalleft Article of it,  
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.  
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoft day.

*Pro.* I fhall obey him.

*Duke.* This is his Pardon purchas'd by fuch fin,  
For which the Pardoner himfelfe is in:  
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,  
When it is borne in high Authority.  
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's fo extended,  
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.  
Now Sir, what newes?

*Pro* I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiffe  
In mine Office, awakens mee  
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks ftrangely:  
For he hath not vs'd it before.

*Duk.* Pray you let's heare.

*The Letter.*

*Whatfocuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure  
of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernardine: For my better fatisfaction,  
let mee haue Claudios head fent me by five. Let this be duely performed  
with a thought that more depends on it, then we muft yet diliuier. Thus  
faile not to doe your Office, as you will anfwere it at your peril.*  
What fay you to this Sir?

He lazily confumes in sleep.

*Duke.* Is he so careless before death.

*Prov.* He minds

Not what is past, or present, or to come.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* We oft have wakened him, as if he were

To go to execution, and flew'd him too

A seeming Warrant, but he seem'd not mov'd.

[*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* The Hangman waits to dispatch his business  
With your Worship.

*Prov.* Sirrah, his business is with you.

*Fool.* My Worship will hardly be at leisure for him.

*Prov.* Call him in.

[*Enter Hangman.*

This Fellow early in the morning is

To help you in your execution.

He cannot plead a quality above

Your service, he has been a noted Bawd.

*Hang.* A Bawd! yee on him, he'll disgrace our Mystery.

*Fool.* Sir, by your good favour (for surely, Sir,  
You would have a good favour, had you not  
A hanging look) d' you call your trade a Mystery?

*Hang.* Yes, you will find it so.

*Fool.* What mystery there should be in hanging, if  
I were to be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Hang.* It is a Mystery: but you must be hang'd  
Ere you can find it out.

*Prov.* Provide your Block and Ax;

And call *Bernardine*.

[*Exit Hangman.*

*Duke.* What horrid Instruments are us'd by pow'r.

*Fool.* Mr. *Bernardine* you must rise and be hang'd.  
Mr. *Bernardine*.

*Bern. within.* Curse on your throat! who makes that noise?  
What are you?

*Fool.* Your friend the Hangman; you must be so good  
As to rise, and be put to death.

*Bern.* Away you Rogue, I am sleepy.

*Prov.* Tell him he must wake.

*Duke.* What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

*Pro.* A Bohemian borne: But here nurft vp & bred,  
One that is a prifoner nine yeeres old.

*Duke.* How came it, that the abfent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do fo.

*Pro.* His friends ftill wrought Repreeues for him:  
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull prooffe.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Pro.* Moft manifeft, and not denied by himfelfe.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himfelfe penitently in prifon? How fees he to be touch'd?

*Pro.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken fleepe, careleffe, wreakeleffe, and fearleffe of what's paff, prefent, or to come: infenfible of mortality, and defperately mortall.

*Duke.* He wants aduice.

*Pro.* He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prifon: giue him leaue to efcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and fhaw'd him a feeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouoft, honefty and conftancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my felfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath fentenc'd him. To make you vnderftand this in a manifeft effect. I craue but foure daies refpit: for the which, your are to do me both a prefent, and a dangerous courtefie.

*Pro.* Pray Sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Pro.* Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an exprefse command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my cafe as *Claudio's*, to croffe this in the fmalleft.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,  
If my intruptions may be your guide,  
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,  
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

*Fool.* Pray Mr. *Bernardine* awake till you  
Are executed and fleep afterwards.

*Prov.* Go in and fetch him out.

*Fool.* He's coming, Sir, for I hear his ftraw ruffle.

*Enter Bernardine.*

*Bern.* How now, Fool, what's the news with you?

*Fool.* Truly, Sir, I would defire you to clap clofe to  
Your prayers, for the Warrant's come.

*Bern.* Y'are a Rogue, I've been drinking all night,  
And am not fitted for the Warrant.

*Fool.* The better, Sir; for he that drinks all night,  
And is hang'd very betimes in the morning,  
May fleep the foundlier all the next day.

*Prov.* Look, Sir, here comes your Ghoftly father.  
D'you think we jeft now?

*Duke.* Induc'd, Sir, by my charity, and hearing how  
Haftily you are to depart, I am come to advife you,  
Comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bern.* Fryer, not I, I've been drinking hard all night,  
And will have more time to prepare me, or they  
Shall beat out my brains with Billets.  
I'll not dye to day.

*Duke.* O, Sir, you muft, and therefore, I befeech you,  
Look forward on the Journey you fhall go.

*Bern.* I'll not dye till I have fleep for any  
Mans perfwafion.

*Duke.* But hear you.

*Bern.* Not a word; if you have any thing to fpeak  
Come to my Ward, for I'll not thence to day.

[*Ex. Bern. Fool.*

*Prov.* What think you of this Prifoner, Father?

*Duke.* Nature did never make a thing more wretched.  
He is unfit to live or dye. 'Twere want  
Of common charity to tranfport him  
In the mind he is, let him have more time,  
And be refrain'd from ev'ry nourifhment but fleep  
Till I have made him fit for death.

[*Enter Jaylor.*

*Jayl.* Sir, a Mefenger at the Prifon Gate

*Pro.* *Angelo* hath feene them both,  
And will difcouer the fauour.

*Duke.* Oh, death's a great difguifer, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and fay it was the defire of the patient to be fo bar'de before his death: you know the courfe is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profefse, I will plead againft it with my life.

*Pro.* Pardon me, good Father, it is againft my oath.

*Duke.* Were you fworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

*Pro.* To him, and to his Substitutes.

*Duke.* You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iuftice of your dealing?

*Pro.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a refemblance, but a certainty; yet fince I fee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perfwafion, can with eafe attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not ftrange to you?

*Pro.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The Contents of this, is the retorne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleafure: where you fhall finde within thefe two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of ftrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into fome Monafterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your felfe into amazement, how thefe things fhould be; all difficulties are but eafie vwhen they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a prefent thrift, and aduife him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this fhall abfolutely refolue you: Come away, it is almoft cleere dawne.

*Exit.*

### *Scena Tertia.*

#### *Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our houfe of profeffion: one would thinke it vvere Miftris *Ouer-dons* owne houfe, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. Firft, here's yong Mr. *Rafh*; hee's in for a com-



Knocks hard, and fays that he muft fpeak with you.

*Prov* I come! Father, if it pleafe you, let's retire.

*Enter Claudio and Fool.*

*Claud.* Bolting the door we are unheard and fafe.

Thou art a man, though in an ill difguife;

And fhould'ft fupport thy being worthily.

*Fool.* Why, truly Sir, though I have had a couple

Of Ill callings, yet I would live as well

As I could by both.

*Claud.* Thou haft a Servant been to flame, and now  
Art but an Officer to cruelty.

There, take this Gold; it is a thoufand Crowns.

Wilt thou not run a little hazard for

Much happinefs. The venter is not great;

And it may probably produce at once

Thy freedom and fupport.

*Fool.* Sir, mine is but

A thin Summer-fkin; 't has been often cut

And flaft with whipping. I would very fain

Sleep whole in it now.

*Claud.* Have courage, friend, 'tis Gold.

*Fool.* My Grandam left me nothing at her death

But a good old Proverb, that's *Touch and Take*.

And I may fay 't has been a lucky Proverb

To me. What would you have me do?

*Claud* I have within a Pages habit, packt up

Clofe. Prethee convey it by your friend,

The Jaylor, to *Julietta*, whofe efcape,

In that difguife, I newly have contriv'd,

By correfpondence with an Officer

Who has the foremoft ftation of

The Guards without, and has been fervant to

My Father. If thou haft any tendernefs

Do this, that fhe may fcape from publick penance.

*Fool.* But how fhall I fcape, Sir? I fhall do Penance

Without a Sheet or Shirt: for my kind Tutor,

The Hangman, will ftrip me ftark naked

moditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine fcore and feunteene pounds, of which hee made fwe Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women vv ere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the fuite of Maister *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure fuites of Peach-colour'd Satteen, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr. *Deepevvow*, and Mr. *Copperspurre*, and Mr. *Starue-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lustie *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the Tilter, and braue Mr *Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

*Enter Abhorson.*

*Abh.* Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

*Clo.* Mr *Barnardine*, you must rife and be hang'd,  
Mr *Barnardine*.

*Abh.* What hoa *Barnardine*.

*Barnardine within.*

*Bar.* A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyfe there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friends Sir, the Hangman:  
You must be so good Sir to rife, and be put to death.

*Bar.* Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

*Abh.* Tell him he must awake,  
And that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray Maister *Barnardine*, awake till you areexecuted, and sleepe afterwards.

*Ab.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruffle.

*Enter Barnardine.*

*Abh.* Is the Axe vpon the blocke, firrah?

*Clo.* Verie readie Sir.

*Bar.* How now *Abhorson*?

What's the newes vvith you?

*Abh.* Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

*Bar.* You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,  
I am not fitted for't.



When I'm fwinging, though the wind blow northerly.

*Claud.* The Law for thy offence can doom the  
But to Fetters during life, and half that Gold  
May purchase thy release.

*Fool.* A fore whipping may come into the bargain.  
But 'tis a poor back that cannot sometimes  
Pay for the maint'nance of the belly. I'll do't.

*Claud.* Pray lose no time; I have but little left.

*Fool.* Have you no more Gold? sure you might scape too.

*Claud.* Friend, I have given you all I have, nor could  
My greater plenty work my liberty;  
For my Confederate dares not undertake  
To make that passage clear for more than one,  
Or if he could, I want disguise for two.

*Fool.* If you get out, Sir, you then scape from Death.

*Claud.* And she by freedom scapes from dreadful shame  
Of doing Penance. Pray dispute it not. [Knocking within.  
What hand is that? if you prove faithful now  
You'll gain forgiveness for your past offences.

*Fool.* My golden guests retire you straight into  
The closet of my Breeches.

Much in all ages, good innocent Gold,  
Has been lay'd to your charge—— [Puts up the Bag and looks  
It is the Lady *Juliet's* Maid, I'll let (though the Key-hole.  
Her in; and bear the Habit to her Mistress. [Exit Fool.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* My Lady with this Letter, Sir, sends you  
Her dearest prayers and love.

*Claud.* Heaven value both, so much as they  
Are priz'd by me—— [Reads the Letter.

*The Provost's wife, in pity of your distress; or perhaps out of love to your person, or rather, (as I hope) out of respect to your virtue, has devis'd means for your escape. She has by large gifts prevail'd with my Keeper to leave your passage free to my Chamber. I beseech you, with the efficacy of my last breath, to make use of this occasion and to hasten hither. Your way*

*Clo.* Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the founder all the next day.

*Enter Duke.*

*Abh.* Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do we iest now thinke you?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bar.* Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

*Duke.* Oh fir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

*Bar.* I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

*Duke.* But heare you:

*Bar.* Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

*Exit.*

*Enter Prouost.*

*Duke.* Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.  
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

*Pro.* Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,  
And to transport him in the minde he is,  
Were damnable.

*Pro.* Heere in the prison, Father,  
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,  
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,  
A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head  
Lust of his colour. What if we do omit  
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,  
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage  
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

*Duke.* Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:  
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on  
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,  
And sent according to command, whiles I

*to liberty must be out of my Window, from whence by a small Engine she will wrench the Bars.*

*Maid.* Can you find leifure to confider, Sir,  
Of that which by my Lady is fo well  
Refolv'd?

*Claud.* The Provost's wife? will she facilitate  
Your Ladies liberty with mine?

*Maid.* She fays, she cannot undertake fo far.

*Claud.* Then I'll refuse her courtesie.

*Maid.* My Lady fends you this request in tears.  
Will you deny it her?

*Claud.* If my escape I from her Chamber make,  
The Law will lay the guilt of it on her;  
And she remains behind to bear  
The punishment.

*Maid.* She hath agreed to that  
Condition with the Provost's wife.

*Claud.* Your Lady makes me an unkind request.

*Maid.* Have you the heart to judge it fo?

*Claud.* Can she be ign'rant that the rigid Law  
Does judge it in a Prisoner forfeiture  
Of life, to help another Prisoner to  
Escape, who is condemn'd to dye?

*Maid.* That forfeiture she cheerfully will pay:  
But has fo govern'd me with desp'rate vows,  
That I lackt courage to refuse to bring  
This message to you.

*Claud.* How pow'rful, fatal *Juliet*, is thy love?  
Yet must it not more valiant be than mine——  
Tell her, I've newly sent her a request  
More just than that which she has sent by you;  
It will be brought her with a Present too:  
Which if, unkindly, she denys to take,  
She does by example my denial make.

[*Weeps.*

[*Ex. several ways.*

*Enter Angelo, Servant.*

*Ang.* Attend her in, and then wait you at distance.

[*Ex. Serv.*

Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Pro.* This fhall be done (good Father) prefently:  
But *Barnardine* muft die this afternoone,  
And how fhall we continue *Claudio*,  
To faue me from the danger that might come,  
If he were knowne aliue?

*Duke.* Let this be done,  
Put them in fecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*.  
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting  
To yond generation, you fhall finde  
Your fafetie manifested.

*Pro.* I am your free dependant.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* Quicke, difpatch, and fend the head to *Angelo*  
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,  
(The Prouoft he fhall beare them) whofe contents  
Shall witneffe to him I am neere at home:  
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound  
To enter publikely: him Ile defire  
To meet me at the confecrated Fount,  
A League below the Citie: and from thence,  
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.  
We fhall proceed with *Angelo*.

*Enter Prouoft.*

*Pro.* Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my felfe.

*Duke.* Conuenient is it: Make a fwift returne,  
For I would commune with you of fuch things,  
That want no eare but yours.

*Pro.* Ile make all fpeede.

*Exit.*

*Ifabell within.*

*Ifa.* Peace hoa, be heere.

*Duke.* The tongue of *Ifabell*. She's come to know,  
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:  
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heauenly comforts of difpaire,  
When it is leaft expected.

*Enter Ifabella.*

*Ifa.* Hoa, by your leaue.

O Love! how much thy borrow'd shap'es disguise,  
Even to themselves, the valiant and the wife?

*Enter Ifabella.*

*Ang.* Had you not fear'd th' approach of *Claudio's* fate  
(Which shews you are to him compaffionate,  
Though not to me) I had not seen you here.  
He may your pity thank, and I your fear.

*Ifab.* My Lord, I hardly could my self forgive  
For suing still to have my Brother live,  
But that a higher hope directs my aim;  
Which, saving his frail life, would yours reclaim.

*Ang.* How desp'rate all your hopeful visits prove!  
You bring me counsel still instead of love.  
And would in forms of passion make me wife.  
Bid Pilots preach to winds when tempests rise.

*Ifab.* But yet as tempests are by flowers allay'd,  
So may your anger by my tears be sway'd.

*Ang.* You must by yielding teach me to relent.  
Make haste! the Mourners tears are almost spent,  
Courtiers to Tyrant-Death who basely wait,  
To do that Tyrant honour whom they hate.  
Inviting formal Fools to see his Feast  
To which your Brother is th' unwilling Guest.  
And the absolving Priest must say the Grace:  
Nights progress done, *Claudio* begins his Race.

*Ifab.* And with the mornings wings your cruel doom  
He shall convey where you must trembling come,  
Before that Judge, whose pow'r you use so ill,  
As if, like Law, 'twere subject to your will.  
The cruel there shall wish they had been just,  
And that their seeming love had not been lust.

*Ang.* These useless sayings were from Cloysters brought:  
You cannot teach so soon as you were taught.  
You must example to my mercy give;  
First save my life, and then let *Claudio* live.

*Ifab.* Have you no words but what are only good,  
Because their ill is quickly understood?

*Duke.* Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

*Ifa.* The better giuen me by so holy a man,  
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, *Ifabell*, from the world,  
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

*Ifa.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other,  
Shew your wifedome daughter in your close patience.

*Ifa.* Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

*Duk.* You shal not be admitted to his fight.

*Ifa.* Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Ifabell*,  
Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,  
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,  
Marke what I say, which you shal finde  
By euery fillable a faithful veritie.  
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,  
One of our Couent, and his Confeffor  
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried  
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,  
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,  
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wifdome,  
In that good path that I would wish it go,  
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,  
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,  
And general Honor.

*Ifa.* I am directed by you.

*Duk.* This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,  
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:  
Say, by this token, I desire his companie  
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours  
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you  
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*  
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,  
I am combined by a sacred Vow,  
And shal be absent. Wend you with this Letter:  
Command these fretting waters from your eies



Dispose of *Claudio's* life! whilst cruel you  
 Seem dead, by being deaf to all that sue.  
 Till by long custom of forgiving none  
 Y' are so averse to all forgiveness grown.  
 That in your own behalf you shall deny,  
 To hear of absolution when you dye.

*Ang.* How *I/abel!* from calms of bashfulness  
 (Even such as suppliant Saints to Heaven express,  
 When patience makes her self a Sacrifice)  
 Can you to storms of execration rise?  
 Leave me not full of evil wonder, stay!

[*I/abel is going out.*

*I/ab.* Can it be good to hear what you would say?

[*He steps in and reaches a Cabinet.*

*Ang.* In this behold Nature's Reserves of light,  
 When the lost day yields to advancing night.  
 When that black Goddess fine in Frosts appears,  
 Then starry Jewels bright as these she wears.  
 The wealth of many Parents who did spare  
 In plenteous peace, and get by prosperous War.

*I/ab.* Of that which evil life may get, you make  
                     A wonder in a monstrous boast;  
                     Which death from you as certainly will take,  
                     As 'tis already by your Parents lost.

*Ang.* Be in this world, like other mortals, wife;  
 And take this treasure as your Beauty's prize.  
 Wealth draws a Curtain o're the face of shame;  
 Restores lost beauty, and recovers fame.

*I/ab.* Catch Fools in Nets without a Covert laid;  
 Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd?

[*Going out.*

*Ang.* Stay *I/abel!* stay but a moments space!  
 You know me not by knowing but my face.  
 My heart does differ from my looks and tongue.  
 To know you much, I have deceiv'd you long.

*I/ab.* Have you more shapes, or would you new devise?

*Ang.* I'll now at once cast off my whole disguise.  
 Keep still your virtue, which is dignify'd  
 And has new value got by being try'd.

With a light heart; trust not my holie Order  
If I preuert your courfe: whose heere?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Luc.* Good 'euen;

Frier, where's the Prouost?

*Duke.* Not within Sir.

*Luc.* Oh prettie *Ifabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Ifabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

*Duke.* Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

*Luc.* Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better wood-man then thou tak'ft him for.

*Duke.* Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Luc.* Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,  
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

*Duke.* You haue told me too many of him already fir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Luc.* Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

*Duke.* Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if bawdy talke offend you, we'el haue very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal ftickle.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Angelo & Escalus.*

*Efc.* Euery Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.

*An.* In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions shew much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisedome bee not tainted; and why meet him at the gates and relieue our rauthorities there?



Claudio fhall live longer than I can do,  
 Who was his Judge, but am condemn'd by you.  
 The martial of the Guards keeps secretly  
 His pardon feal'd; nor meant I he fhould dye.

*Ifab.* By fhifting your difguife, you feem much more  
 In borrow'd darknefs than you were before.

*Ang.* Forgive me who, till now, thought I fhould find  
 Too many of your beauteous Sex too kind.  
 I ftrove, as jealous Lovers curious grow,  
 Vainly to learn, what I was loth to know.  
 And of your virtue I was doubtful grown,  
 As men judge womens frailties by their own.  
 But fince you fully have endur'd the teft,  
 And are not only good, but prove the beft  
 Of all your Sex, fubmiffively I woo  
 To be your Lover, and your Husband too.

*Ifab.* Can I when free, be by your words fubdu'd,  
 Whofe actions have my Brother's life purfu'd?

*Ang.* I never meant to take your Brother's life;  
 But if in tryal how to chufe a wife,  
 I have too diffident, too curious been,  
 I'll pardon ask for folly, as for fin;  
 I lov'd you e'er your pretious beauties were  
 In your probation fhaded at Saint *Clare*:  
 And when with facred Sifterhood confin'd,  
 A double enterprife perplext my mind;  
 By Claudio's danger to provoke you forth  
 From that bleft fhade, and then to try your worth.

*Ifab.* She that can credit give to things fo ftrange,  
 And can comply with fuch a fudden change,  
 Has mighty faith, and kindnefs too fo ftrong,  
 That the extream cannot continue long.  
 I am fo pleaf'd with *Claudio's* liberty,  
 That the example fhall preferve me free.

*Ang.* Was I when bad fo quickly underftood;  
 And cannot be believ'd when I am good.

*Ifab.* In favour of my Sex and not of you,

*E/c.* I gheffe not.

*Ang.* And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*E/c.* He shoves his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

*Ang.* Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th'morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of fort and suite as are to meete him.

*E/c.* I shall fir: fareyouwell.

*Exit.*

*Ang.* Good night.

This deede vnfhapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant  
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,  
And by an eminent body, that enforce'd  
The Law against it? But that her tender flame  
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,  
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,  
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,  
That no particular scandall once can touch  
But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,  
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous fence  
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge  
By so receiuing a dishonor'd life  
With ranfome of such flame: would yet he had liued.  
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,  
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.

*Exit.*

### *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Duke and Frier Peter.*

*Duke.* These Letters at fit time deliuer me,  
The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,  
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction  
And hold you euer to our speciall drift,  
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that  
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauia's* house,



And tell him where I stay : give the like notice  
 To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*,  
 And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate :  
 But send me *Flavius* first.

*Peter*. It shall be speeded well.

*Enter Varrius.*

*Duke*. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,  
 Come, we will walke : There's other of our friends  
 Will greet vs heere anon : my gentle *Varrius*.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Ifabella and Mariana.*

*Ifab.* To speak so indirectly I am loath,  
 I would say the truth, but to accuse him so  
 That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,  
 He saies, to vaile full purpose.

*Mar.* Be rul'd by him.

*Ifab.* Besides he tells me, that if peradventure  
 He speake against me on the aduersé side,  
 I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a phyficke  
 That's bitter, to sweet end.

*Enter Peter.*

*Mar.* I would *Frier Peter*

*Ifab.* Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

*Peter.* Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,  
 Where you may haue such vantage on the *Duke*  
 He shall not passe you :  
 Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.  
 The generous, and grauest Citizens  
 Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon  
 The *Duke* is entring :  
 Therefore hence away.

*Exeunt.*

I with your love so violent and true,  
That those who shall hereafter curious be,  
To seek that frailty, which they would not see,  
May by your punishment become afraid,  
To use those Nets which you ignobly laid.

*Ang.* Ah *I/abel!* you blam'd my cruelty!  
Will you, when I shew mercy, cruel be?

*Ifab.* You might have met a weaker breast than mine,  
Which at approach to parley would incline:  
How little honour then you had obtain'd,  
If, where but little was, you that had stain'd?  
Had you been great of mind, you would have strove  
T' have hid, or helpt the weaknesses of love;  
And not have us'd temptations to the frail,  
Or pow'r, where 'twas dishonour to prevail.  
You will (if now your love dissembled be)  
Deceive your self, in not deceiving me.  
If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,  
Left you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

[*Exit.*

*Ang.* Break heart, farewell the cruel and the just!  
Fools seek belief, where they have bred distrust:  
Because she doubts my virtue I must dye;  
Who did with vitious arts her virtue try.

[*Exit.*

*Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſculus, Lucio,  
Citizens at ſeverall doores.*

*Duk.* My very worthy Cofen, fairely met,  
Our old, and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.

*Ang. Eſc.* Happy returne be to your royall grace.

*Duk.* Many and hartly thankings to you both:  
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare  
Such goodneſſe of your Iuſtice, that our ſoule  
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks  
Forerunning more requitall.

*Ang.* You make my bonds ſtill greater.

*Duk.* Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud, & I ſhould wrong it  
To locke it in the wards of couert boſome  
When it deferues with characters of braſſe  
A fortified reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,  
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand  
And let the Subiect ſee, to make them know  
That outward curteſies would faine proclaime  
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Eſcalus*,  
You muſt walke by vs, on our other hand:  
And good ſupporters are you.

*Enter Peter and Ifabella.*

*Peter.* Now is your time  
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

*Ifab.* Iuſtice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard  
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue ſaid a Maid)  
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonor not your eye  
By throwing it on any other obieſt,  
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,  
And giuen me Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice.

*Duk.* Relate your wrongs;  
In what, by whom? be brieſe:  
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall giue you Iuſtice,  
Reueale your ſelfe to him.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke and Isabel.**Duke.*

YOU told me, Daughter, that the Marshal has  
 Your Brother's pardon seal'd, and I shall watch  
 All means to keep him safe, lest *Angelo*  
 Should turn his clemency into revenge.  
 Do not th' assurance of his freedom buy  
 With hazard of a Virgins liberty.

*Isab.* I shall with patience follow your instruction.

*Duke.* Night's shady Curtains are already drawn;  
 And you shall hear strange news before the dawn.

[*Exit Duke*]*Enter Francisca.*

*Franc.* Is the good Father gone?

*Isab.* Yes, Sister, and has left my breast in peace.

[*A Bell rings.*]

*Franc.* This Bell does nightly warn us ere we sleep,  
 T' appease offended Heaven. Let us go pray,  
 That the worlds crimes may vanish with the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* Benedick, Eschalus, Beatrice, Viola, Lucio,  
*singing a Chorus within.*

*Esch.* Your Brother, Sir, has an unquiet mind:  
 'Tis late, and he would take his rest.

*Viol.* We'll sing him asleep.

*Ben.* Shall he who should  
 Live lean with care of the whole Common-wealth,  
 Grow fat with sleep like a *Groenland-Bear*?

*Esch.* Rulers are but mortal; and should have rest.

*Ben.* A States-man should take a nap in his Chair,  
 And only dream of sleep.

*Beat.* These great tame Lions of the Law  
 (Who make Offenders of the weak)  
 Should still seem watchful, and like wild Lions  
 Sleep with their eyes open.

*Esch.* Is night a season for singing?

*Viol.* We'll sing like Nightingales, and they sing at night.

*Ifab.* Oh worthy *Duke*,  
 You bid me feeke redemption of the diuell,  
 Heare me your felfe: for that which I muft fpeake  
 Muft either punifh me, not being beleeu'd,  
 Or wring redreffe from you:  
 Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

*Ang.* My Lord, her wits I feare are not firme:  
 She hath bin a fuitor to me, for her Brother  
 Cut off by courfe of Iuftice.

*Ifab.* By courfe of Iuftice.

*Ang.* And fhe will fpeake moft bitterly, and ftrange.

*Ifab.* Moft ftrange: but yet moft truely wil I fpeake,  
 That *Angelo's* forfworne, is it not ftrange?  
 That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not ftrange?  
 That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,  
 An hypocrite, a virgin violator,  
 Is it not ftrange? and ftrange?

*Duke.* Nay it is ten times ftrange?

*Ifa.* It is not truer he is *Angelo*,  
 Then this is all as true, as it is ftrange;  
 Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth  
 To th'end of reckning.

*Duke.* Away with her: poore foule  
 She fpeakes this, in th'infirmity of fence.

*Ifa.* Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'ft  
 There is another comfort, then this world,  
 That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
 That I am touch'd with madneffe: make not impoffible  
 That which but feemes vnlike, 'tis not impoffible  
 But one, the wickedft caitiffe on the ground  
 May feeme as fhie, as graue, as iuft, as abfolute:  
 As *Angelo*, euen fo may *Angelo*  
 In all his dreflings, caracts, titles, formes,  
 Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince  
 If he be leffe, he's nothing, but he's more,  
 Had I more name for badneffe.

*Duke.* By mine honefty



*Efch.* Take heed; for the Grand-Watch does walk the Round.

*Beat.* Signior, when did you hear of Nightingales  
Taken by the Watch?

*Luc.* Madam, we'll fing. The Governour  
May come (if he please) and figh to the Chorus.

*Efch.* I'll bear no part, Sir, in your Song,  
Nor in your punifhment.

[*Exit Efchalus.*

The SONG.

*Luc.*        *Our Ruler has got the vertigo of State;  
              The world turns round in his politick pate  
              He ftears in a Sea, where his Courfe cannot laft;  
              And bears too much Sail for the ftrength of his Maft.*

*Cho.*        *Let him plot all he can,  
              Like a politick man,  
              Yet Love though a Child may fit him.  
              The fmall Archer though blind ,  
              Such an Arrow will find,  
              As with an old trick fhall hit him.*

2.

*Beat.*       *Sure Angelo knows Loves party is ftrong;  
              Love melts, like foft wax, the hearts of the young.  
              And none are fo old but they think on the tafte,  
              And weep with remembrance of kindneffes paff.*

*Cho.*        *Let him plot all he can, &c.*

3.

*Ben.*        *Love in the wifeft is held a mad fit;  
              And madnefs in Fools is reckon'd for Wit.  
              The Wife value Love, juft as Fools Wiſdom prize;  
              Which mean they can't gain, they ſeem to diſpiſe.*

*Cho.*        *Let him plot all he can. &c.*

4.

*Viol.*       *Cold Cowards all perils of anger fhun;  
              To dangers of Love they leap when they run.  
              The valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,  
              When he led them a Dance from Greece to old Troy.*

*Cho.*        *Let him plot all he can, &c.*

If she be mad, as I beleue no other,  
 Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,  
 Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,  
 As ere I heard in madnesse.

*Ifab.* Oh gracious Duke  
 Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason  
 For inequality, but let your reason serue  
 To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,  
 And hide the false seemes true.

*Duk.* Many that are not mad  
 Haue fure more lacke of reason:  
 What would you say?

*Ifab.* I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,  
 Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication  
 To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,  
 I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)  
 Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*  
 As then the Messenger.

*Luc.* That's I, and't like your Grace:  
 I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,  
 To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,  
 For her poore Brothers pardon.

*Ifab.* That's he indeede.

*Duk.* You were not bid to speake.

*Luc.* No, my good Lord,  
 Nor wifh'd to hold my peace.

*Duk.* I wifh you now then,  
 Pray you take note of it: and when you haue  
 A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then  
 Be perfect.

*Luc.* I warrant your honor.

*Duk.* The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't.

*Ifab.* This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

*Luc.* Right.

*Duk.* It may be right, but you are i'the wrong  
 To speake before your time: proceed,

*Ifab.* I went

*Enter Balthazar.*

*Balt.* Behind the Garden of the *Augustines*  
Your friends attend. You must be fudden if  
You'll be succesful.

*Ben.* I come. Bid *Lucio* in a whisper to  
Retire, and to expect my Orders at  
Saint *Laurence* Gate. Lady, though you deny  
Sleep to my Brother, yet, you may do well  
T' allow a little of it to your self.  
It grows late; and *Viola*, methinks, begins  
To lose an eye with watching in your service.

*Viol.* I love watching and dancing too in Moon-shine nights,  
Like any Fairy.

*Beat.* Can whippers hide your bus'ness, *Benedick*,  
When you are such a Weather-Cock, that with  
But looking on you I can quickly find  
Where the wind fits. Well, I wish you some danger,  
That you may get the more honour. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter Angelo, Eschalus.*

*Ang.* It is not just I should rebuke them for  
Their harmony of mind; that were to shew  
The rage, and envious malice of the Devil,  
Who quarrels with the good, because they have  
That happiness, which he can ne'er enjoy.

*Esch.* My Lord, I find you sick for want of rest;  
And grieve to hear you say, the cause of your  
Disease is in your self.

*Ang.* No sickness, *Eschalus*,  
Can be more dangerous than mine, of which  
The cause is known to that Physician, who  
Enjoins me to despair of cure.

*Esch.* Your words amaze me.

[*Enter 1. Servant*]

*1. Serv.* To Arms, my Lord, to Arms!  
The ancient Citizens are wakt in terrour  
By the insulting youth; who in loud throngs  
March through the Streets to the Parade.

*Ang.* Hence Coward! thou art frightened by thy dream.

[*Ex. Serv.*]

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

*Duk.* That's fomewhat madly fpoken.

*Ifab.* Pardon it,

The phrafe is to the matter.

*Duke.* Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

*Ifab.* In brieft, to fet the needleffe proceffe by:

How I perfwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,

How he refeld me, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the vild conclufion

I now begin with griefe, and fhame to vtter.

He would not, but by gift of my chafte body

To his concupifcible intemperate luft

Releafe my brother; and after much debatement,

My fifterly remorfe, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,

His purpofe furfetting, he fends a warrant

For my poore brothers head.

*Duke.* This is moft likely.

*Ifab.* Oh that it were as like as it is true.

*Duk.* By heauen (fond wretch) yu knowft not what thou fpeak'ft,  
Or elfe thou art fuborn'd againft his honor

In hatefull praëtife: firft his Integrity

Stands without blemifh: next it imports no reafon,

That with fuch vehemency he fhould purfue

Faults proper to himfelfe: if he had fo offended

He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himfelfe,

And not haue cut him off: fome one hath fet you on:

Confefle the truth, and fay by whose aduice

Thou cam'ft heere to complaine.

*Ifab.* And is this all?

Then oh you bleffed Minifters aboue

Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time

Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp

In countenance: heauen fhield your Grace from woe;

As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

*Duke.* I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:  
To prifon with her: Shall we thus permit

*Enter 2. Servant.*

2. *Serv.* Arm, arm, my Lord! your Brother is revolted,  
Heading a Body of disbanded Officers.  
He is in skirmish with your Guards,  
To rescue *Claudio* from the Law.

*Ang.* My Brother grown my publick Enemy?  
This iteration sounds like truth. I was  
Just now fending to declare *Claudio's* Pardon,  
And to hasten his and *Juliet's* liberty.

*Esch.* You purpos'd well, but your performance was  
Too slow.

[*Enter 1. Servant.*

1. *Serv.* 'Tis said the Marshal of your Guards is slain.

*Ang.* That's a surprize of fortune; for he had  
*Claudio's* Pardon, and, had he shewn it, might  
Perhaps have quencht the mutiny.  
My Armour! and command my Guard of *Switzs*  
To march, and to make good the Pass, which leads  
To Saint *Jago's* Port. Hasten, *Eschalus*,  
And bid *Montano* make a fally from  
The Citadel.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

*Enter Duke, Provost.*

*Duk.* Lock up your Pris'ners, and secure the Gates.

*Prov.* I did suspect by *Lucio's* menacings,  
That *Benedick* would *Claudio's* liberty  
Attempt by force; and therefore did provide  
For opposition to attend th' assault.  
Forty selected from the Guards without,  
I have drawn in.

*Duke.* Are they enter'd?

*Prov.* They are, and bold *Vrfino* does command 'em.

*Duke.* Th' expedient which, in haste, I have prescribed,  
Will in extremity be fit to use;  
Though when you threaten't men may think you cruel.

*Prov.* Father, I'll strictly follow your advice.

*Duke.* Offer a parly from the Battlements.  
Be careful, valiant Provost, of your charge,  
And Heaven take care of you.

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,  
On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise;  
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

*Ifa.* One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

*Duk.* A ghofly Father, belike:  
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?

*Luc.* My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,  
I do not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,  
For certaine words he fpake againft your Grace  
In your retirment, I had fwing'd him foundly.

*Duke.* Words againft mee? this 'a good Fryer belike  
And to fet on this wretched woman here  
Against our Subftitute: Let this Fryer be found.

*Luc.* But yesternight my Lord, fhe and that Fryer  
I faw them at the prifon: a fawcy Fryar,  
A very fcoury fellow.

*Peter.* Bleffed be your Royall Grace:  
I haue ftood by my Lord, and I haue heard  
Your royal eare abus'd: firft hath this woman  
Moft wrongfully accus'd your Subftitute,  
Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her  
As fhe from one vnnot.

*Duke.* We did beleue no leffe.  
Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that fhe fpeakes of?

*Peter.* I know him for a man diuine and holy,  
Not fcoury, nor a temporary medler  
As he's reported by this Gentleman:  
And on my truft, a man that neuer yet  
Did (as he vouches) mif-report your Grace.

*Luc.* My Lord, moft villanoufly, beleue it.

*Peter.* Well: he in time may come to cleere himfelfe;  
But at this instant he is ficke, my Lord:  
Of a ftrange Feauor: vpon his meere request  
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainft Lord *Angelo*, came I hether  
To fpeake as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true, and falfe: And what he with his oath

*Prov.* I'll through the Postern lead you out:  
Your function will protect you.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Benedick, Balthazar, Officers.

*Ben.* Remove the Martial straight where Surgeons may  
Attend his wound, which is not mortal, though  
His loss of blood deprive him of his speech.

*Balt.* A Squadron of the Guards at our approach,  
Retir'd into the Prison, to make good  
The Gates against assault.

*Ben.* Their sudden fear begot that policy,  
Rather to make conditions for themselves,  
Than for the place.

*Balt.* The Provost will be obstinate.

*Ben.* It may be safer for him to preserve  
His courage for some other use.

*Enter* Lucio, Duke.

*Luc.* Father Fox the Fryer, is stoln out of his hole;  
And is going to make a visit to  
The Geefe of his Parish.

*Ben.* Lucio, let him pass.

*Luc.* If you give quarter to the Enemies  
Of Lovers, you will be follow'd in your  
Next War, by none but decrepid old Souldiers;  
The youth will all forsake you.

*Ben.* Unhand him straight: we must in reverence to  
His function make him free.

*Duke.* Peace be with your Lordship.

*Luc.* Take care of Lovers in your Orizons,  
And the rather, because praying for them,  
You pray for the Duke. Remember that Fryer.

*Duke.* If e're I see the Duke, Sir, he shall know  
How much he is oblig'd to you.

*Ben.* Lucio, be steadfast in your station.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Lucio.

*Provost from the Battlements.*

*Ben.* Look up! the Provost does relent: he seems  
Inclin'd to parly.

*Prov.* May Fortune serve the valiant *Benedick*







In all attempts, but when he does invade  
The Forts of Law, where Justice would secure  
The Trophies of her Victories.

*Ben.* Provost, I take your greeting well, and wish  
Your courage more success, than you in your  
Resistance now are like to find. You are  
Too wise to talk of Law to those who mean  
To justify their actions by their Swords.

*Prov.* My Lord, some honour I have gotten in  
The face of Enemies; and will not lose  
It in the fight of friends.

*Ben.* You must give *Claudio* and *Julietta* liberty;  
And then your other Prisoners, and your self,  
Shall, undisturb'd, be at your own dispose.

*Prov.* *Claudio* by sentence is condemn'd; and sure  
My Office does engage my honour to  
Make good the sentence of the Law.

*Balt.* Provost, we come not here to make a War,  
Like Women, with vain words.

*Ben.* Accept of peace by yielding that which I  
Would gain by a request, or else expect  
The worst event of force.

*Prov.* Your force I will  
Oppose; and when my temper is too much  
Provoked, perhaps the extremity may make  
Me shew you such an object, as will hurt  
Your eyes.

[*Enter Lucio.*

*Luc.* My Lord retire to face your Brother's power,  
Which now is doubled by a rally from  
The Citadel.

*Ben.* Make good the passage at Saint *Laurence* Gate:  
And, whilst my Squadron does advance,  
You, *Balthazar*, must march at distance with  
The Reer.

*Prov.* *Vrsino!* range your Partizans!  
'Tis now our time to make a rally too.

[*Exeunt.*  
[*Clashing of Arms within.*

And all probation will make vp full cleare  
 Whensoever he's conuented: Firſt for this woman,  
 To iuſtifie this worthy Noble man  
 So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,  
 Her ſhall you heare diſproued to her eyes,  
 Till ſhe her ſelfe confeſſe it.

*Duk.* Good Frier, let's heare it:  
 Doe you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?  
 Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.  
 Give vs ſome feates, Come coſen *Angelo*,  
 In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge  
 Of your owne Cauſe: Is this the Witneſ Frier?

*Enter Mariana.*

Firſt, let her ſhew your face, and after, ſpeake.

*Mar.* Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face  
 Vntill my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you married?

*Mar.* No my Lord.

*Duke.* Are you a Maid?

*Mar.* No my Lord.

*Duk.* A Widow then?

*Mar.* Neither, my Lord.

*Duk.* Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

*Luc.* My Lord, ſhe may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid,  
 Widow, nor Wife.

*Duk.* Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for him-  
 ſelfe.

*Luc.* Well my Lord.

*Mar.* My Lord, I doe confeſſe I nere was married,  
 And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,  
 I haue known my husband, yet my husband  
 Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

*Luc.* He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

*Duk.* For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo to.

*Luc.* Well, my Lord.

*Enter Beatrice, Viola, Lacquay.*

*Viol.* Sifter! Sifter! can we not hide our selves?

*Beat.* Fear nothing, *Viola*, till you are in love.  
But then our Faces we like Wood-Cocks hide;  
Whilst foolish fear (which is in women flame)  
Makes us but tempt the Fowler to give aim.

*Enter 1. Page.*

1. *Page.* Madam, all's our own.

*Beat.* Well, speak! you are one of those Messengers  
Who lost his Wages by his diligence;  
Running so fast to bring good news, that he  
Wanted breath to utter it.

1. *Page.* Count *Benedick's* a most substantial man.  
Would the Sun were up, that his friends might see  
How he stands to't, whilst his Enemies flye from him.

*Beat.* He is a substance fit to stand i'th' Sun  
To make a shadow. And being the substance,  
*Lucio* must be the shadow? if *Benedick*  
Flye first, *Lucio* will not fail to follow him.

1. *Page.* There is no end of Count *Benedick's* valour.

*Beat.* Valiant without end; that is, stout to no purpose.

*Enter 2. Page.*

2. *Page.* Oh Madam! Count *Benedick* is lost.

*Beat.* How? this foolish Boy was ever given to lying.  
*Lacquay*, go out, and bring me truth; such truth  
As I shall like, or else return no more.

2. *Page.* Madam, all the Maids——

*Beat.* Peace! your Intelligence comes from the Laundry.

*Viol.* Well, I fear the news may be too true then;  
They know what they say. *Carlo*, tell it me. [*Page and Viola whisper.*]

*Beat.* My eyes are not prophetic; perhaps  
They melt too soon. Lost, valiant *Benedick*,  
Lost by thy noble kindness for my sake;  
Who whilst I pity'd *Claudio* in his danger,  
Had of thy safety no indulgent care.

*Enter Balthazar.*

*Balt.* Madam, pardon my haste, which is as rude

*Duk.* This is no witneffe for Lord *Angelo*.

*Mar.* Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,  
In self-fame manner, doth accuse my husband,  
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,  
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes  
With all th'effect of Loue.

*Ang.* Charges shee mee then mee?

*Mar.* Not that I know.

*Duk.* No? you say your husband.

*Mar.* Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,  
Who thinkes he knows, that he nere knew my body.  
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes *Ifabels*.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

*Mar.* My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.  
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*  
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:  
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract  
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body  
That tooke away the match from *Ifabell*,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
In her Imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman?

*Luc.* Carnallie shee faies.

*Duk.* Sirha, no more.

*Luc.* Enoug my Lord.

*Ang.* My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,  
And fve yeres since there was some speech of marriage  
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,  
Partly for that her promis'd proportions  
Came short of Composition: But in chiefe  
For that her reputation was dis-valued  
In leuitie: Since which time of fve yeres  
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her  
Vpon my faith, and honor.

*Mar.* Noble Prince,  
As there comes light from heauen, and words fro breath,

As my unseasonable visit.

*Beat.* Tell me, I pray, the business of this night?

*Balt.* Count *Benedick* began it with success;  
Who to redeem unhappy *Claudio* from  
The arms of death, and *Juliet* from the flame  
Of publick penance, did assault the Guards  
Attending near the Prison Gate; and at  
The first encounter did disperse that force.

*Beat.* This is no wonder; for in Honours Game  
(Where many throw at the last great stake, life,  
As if 'twere but light Gold) young Gamesters oft  
Are lucky.

*Balt.* The Provost offer'd parly, but deny'd  
To yield the Pris'ners, and the cause which made  
Him obstinate grew quickly evident;  
By old *Montano's* fall from the Citadel,  
And *Angelo's* advance with all his *Zwits*.  
These were by valiant *Benedick* repuls'd.

*Beat.* I'm not sorry now that I have his Picture:  
For the vain Gentleman will quickly grow  
So alter'd by success, that without his  
Image I should hardly know him.

*Balt.* Lord *Angelo* would have retir'd into the Citadel;  
But in the strife of that retreat  
Brave *Benedick* receiv'd a wound.

*Beat.* A wound—Excuse me, *Balthazar*, if I  
Assume the feeling of your friendship to him,  
And pity him for your sake.

*Balt.* The wound was flight;  
And rather serv'd to augment his courage, than  
To waste his strength.

*Beat.* Well, I'll allow him courage. Pray proceed.

*Balt.* With many shouts saluted, he again  
Summon'd the Provost; who enraged at our  
Resistance of his fall from the Prison,  
Licens'd his anger even to cruelty;  
For, as a dire expedient to prevent

As there is fence in truth, and truth in vertue,  
 I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly  
 As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,  
 But Tueday night laft gon, in's garden houfe,  
 He knew me as a wife. As this is true,  
 Let me in fafety raife me from my knees,  
 Or elfe for euer be confixed here  
 A Marble Monument.

*Ang.* I did but fmile till now,  
 Now, good my Lord, giue me the fcope of Iuftice,  
 My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue  
 Thefe poore informall women, are no more  
 But instruments of fome more mightier member  
 That fets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord  
 To finde this praftife out.

*Duke.* I, with my heart,  
 And punifh them to your height of pleafure.  
 Thou foolifh Frier, and thou pernicious woman  
 Compact with her that's gone: thinkft thou, thy oathes,  
 Though they would fwear downe each particular Saint,  
 Were teftimonies againft his worth, and credit  
 That's feald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*  
 Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines  
 To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriu'd.  
 There is another Frier that fet them on,  
 Let him be fent for.

*Peter.* Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed  
 Hath fet the women on to this Complaint;  
 Your Prouoft knowes the place where he abides,  
 And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Goe, doe it instantly:  
 And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen  
 Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,  
 Doe with your iniuries as feemes you beft  
 In any chaftifement; I for a while  
 Will leaue you; but ftir not you till you haue  
 Well determin'd vpon theſe Slanderers.

*Exit.*

Th' occasion of a new assault, he doom'd  
Young *Claudio* to endure the bloody Axe;  
And from the Battlements flew'd us his head.

*Beat.* Enough! your story grows too dismal to  
Be heard. Dead *Claudio*, yet more happy is  
Than living *Juliet*. Pray be brief, if you  
Have any other sorrows to reveal!

*Balt.* The cruel Provost having thus provokt  
Count *Benedick*; he straight prepares to storm  
The Prison; and th' assault was scarce begun,  
When suddenly our Sov'raign Duke breaks forth,  
From the dark Cloud of that disguise, in which,  
It seems, he hath remain'd conceal'd in *Turin*.

*Beat.* The Duke in Town?

*Balt.* Most visibly in person, and in pow'r.  
For by his high command victorious *Benedick*,  
Is now with conquer'd *Angelo*, and both  
Are Prisoners to the Provost.

*Beat.* Sudden and strange.

*Balt.* Lord *Angelo* is kept from Visitants,  
To make him ignorant of what is past;  
And by the strictness of the Guards to *Benedick*,  
'Tis whisper'd and suspected, that he will  
Be sentenc'd for Rebellion.

*Beat.* I'll to the Duke. He's full of clemency:  
A Prince who by forgiving does reclaim,  
And tenderly preserve for noble use,  
Many whom rigid Justice, by exemplar death,  
Would make for ever useless to the world.

*Balt.* 'Tis fit you hasten to him.

*Beat.* In his own arms he bred my infancy.  
He ever yielded to me when I su'd  
For men who had no other plea to get  
Their pardon but their misery; and sure  
He'll not deny me when in tears I kneel,  
For valiant *Benedick*.

[*Exeunt.*]



*Efc.* My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

*Luc.* *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

*Efc.* We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

*Luc.* As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

*Efc.* Call that same *Ifabell* here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

*Luc.* Not better then he, by her owne report.

*Efc.* Say you?

*Luc.* Marry fir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be asham'd.

*Enter Duke, Prouost, Ifabella.*

*Efc.* I will goe darkely to worke with her.

*Luc.* That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

*Efc.* Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,  
Denies all that you haue said.

*Luc.* My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,  
Here, with the *Prouost*.

*Efc.* In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

*Luc.* Mum.

*Efc.* Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confes'd you did.

*Duk.* 'Tis false.

*Efc.* How? Know you where you are?

*Duk.* Respect to your great place; and let the diuill  
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.  
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

*Efc.* The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you speake,  
Looke you speake iustly.

*Duk.* Boldly, at least. But oh poore foules,  
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;  
Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?



*Enter Duke in his own Habit, Efchalus, Provost,  
Fryer Thomas, Attendants.*

*Duke.* In favour of that pow'r, which I did leave  
In *Angelo's* poffeffion, as my Subftitute,  
I have reliev'd him from his Brother's fury.  
But *Angelo* in his fhort Government,  
Disfigur'd and disgrac'd that fair  
Refemblance which he wore of me,  
By many blemifhes.

*Efch.* Though your accustom'd clemency fhould give  
Him leave to ufe his eloquence, in's own  
Defence, yet he would filence it, and hope  
For no relief, but from your gracious mercy.

*Duke.* Provost, he is your Pris'ner now,  
With *Benedick*. Take care they do not meet.

*Prov.* Sir, they are fever'd under watchful Guards.

*Duke.* 'Tis well. Go do what further I enjoin'd you.

*Prov.* I humbly beg your Highnefs pardon, for my  
Ignorance of what you were when you  
Were pleas'd to make your vifits in difguife.

*Duke.* You need no pardon, but have merited  
My thanks and favour.

[*Exit Provost.*]

*Fry. Tho.* Is it your Highnefs will that I attend you?

*Duke.* I've left your habit, but will ne'er forfake  
Your company nor counfel. Father now  
You muft make hafte, and do as I directed.

*Fry. Tho.* I fhall be diligent in both of your  
Commands.

[*Exit Fryer Thomas.*]

*Duke.* You, *Efchalus*, complain of being wrong'd  
By having been made ignorant of all  
Thefe evils paff. I left you not to fleep  
Away your time.

*Efch.* If you vouchsafe me not your pardon,  
I fhall with fhame receive my punifhment;  
Though it is better to be ignorant,  
Than to be guilty.

*Enter Beatrice, Viola, 2 Pages, Lacquay.*

Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke's* vniust,  
 Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,  
 And put your triall in the villaines mouth,  
 Which here you come to accuse.

*Luc.* This is the rafcall: this is he I fpoke of.

*Efc.* Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer:  
 Is't not enough thou haft fuborn'd thefe women,  
 To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,  
 And in the witneffe of his proper eare,  
 To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,  
 To th'*Duke* himfelfe, to taxe him with Iniuflice?  
 Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you  
 Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpofe:  
 What? vniust?

*Duk.* Be not fo hot: the *Duke* dare  
 No more ftretch this finger of mine, then he  
 Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,  
 Nor here Prouinciall: My bufineffe in this State  
 Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,  
 Where I haue feene corruption boyle and bubble,  
 Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,  
 But faults fo countenanc'd, that the ftrong Statutes  
 Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers fhop,  
 As much in mocke, as marke.

*Efc.* Slander to th' State:  
 Away with him to prifon.

*Ang.* What can you vouch againft him Signior *Lucio*?  
 Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

*Luc.* 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

*Duk.* I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice,  
 I met you at the Prifon, in the abfence of the *Duke*.

*Luc.* Oh, did you fo? and do you remember what you faid of the *Duke*.

*Duk.* Moft notedly Sir.

*Luc.* Do you fo Sir: And was the *Duke* a flefh-monger, a foole, and a  
 coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duk.* You muft (Sir) change perfons with me, ere you make that my  
 report: you indeede fpoke fo of him, and much more, much worfe.

*Beat.* As virtuous Virgins, by their vows to Heaven,  
Have brought you here, so may their Prayers  
Preferve you long amongst us.

*Duke.* I thank you, beauteous Maid. But I perceive  
Affliction in your Eyes. Whence does it come?

*Beat.* I am a lowly Sutor to your Highness.

*Duke.* I hope you are not so unfortunate,  
As to desire a benefit, which I  
Unwillingly shall grant.

*Beat.* If no offenders were, then Sov'raign Pow'r  
Would have no use of mercy :  
Though *Benedick* has much offended, yet  
Forgive that valour which by yours was bred ;  
And let him not be lost who was misled.

*Duke.* Your heart is alter'd since I saw you last.  
Can *Benedick* in his affliction now  
Prevail ; and be petition'd for by you  
Who scorn'd him when he did in triumph sue ?  
This riddle I will leave to *Eschalus*.  
Give me a quick account of it. I shall  
Confider and take care of your request.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter Angelo, Fryer Thomas.*

*Ang.* In the perplexity of Fight, when I  
Was forc'd to a retreat, I did suppose  
My Brother (to procure the people to  
His side) had publish'd but in artifice  
The Dukes return.

*Fry. Tho.* The Duke is certainly in Town, and has,  
During the time of your Vicegerency,  
Remain'd here in disguise, he did converse,  
With *Ifabella*, and continually  
Receiv'd from her, true knowledge of her griefs,  
And by what art you have afflicted her.

*Ang.* Oh, Father, I am lost.

*Fryer Tho.* Could you suppose  
You were your Brother's Prisoner here ?

*Ang.* In the dark mist of our encounter,

*Luc.* Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duk.* I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

*Ang.* Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Efc.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Prouost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speake no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

*Duk.* Stay Sir, stay a while.

*Ang.* What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Come fir, come fir, come fir: foh fir, why you bald-patted lying rafcall; you must be hooded must you? shew your knaues visage with a poxe to you: shew your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

*Duk.* Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad't a *Duke*.

First *Prouost*, let me bayle these gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,

Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

*Luc.* This may proue worse than hanging.

*Duk.* What you haue spoke, I pardon: fit you downe,

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:

Ha't thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha't

Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* Oh, my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,

To thinke I can be vndiscerneable,

When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,

Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince,

No longer feffion hold vpon my flame,

But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

*Duk.* Come hither *Mariana*,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was my Lord.

*Duk.* Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.

I was led to that mistake.

*Fryer Tho.* 'Twas a mistake indeed;  
For *Benedick's* your fellow prisoner now,  
And under strict command.

*Ang.* I know him noble, though by passion urg'd  
To this outrageous violence, against  
My ill dispos'd authority: and had  
He now been free, I easily should have hop'd  
His favour with the Duke, might have procur'd  
My peace and pardon too. But, in my strict  
Refraint, how, Father, did you get this visit?

*Fryer Tho.* By an especial leave to comfort you.  
The Provost has perhaps occasion of concernment  
With you. I'll take leave a while.

[Enter Provost.

[Exit Fryer.

*Prov.* My Lord, with blushes I appear  
I'th' presence of your most unhappy fortune,  
Asham'd of my authority; but 'tis  
His Highness will, that you should now  
Be subject to my pow'r, who have been long  
Govern'd by yours.

*Ang.* You will be civil to me, Provost, if  
You think I am contented with this change.

*Prov.* You are so well prepar'd for grief,  
That I may now ask leave, to tell you, he, whom  
You did hastily condemn, was with dispatch,  
As fatal as your sentence, executed.

*Ang.* who can you mean?

*Prov.* Th'unhappy *Claudio*.

*Ang.* Is he executed? The Marshal had his Pardon seal'd.

*Prov.* The Marshal (who is now in hope of cure)  
Was by his wound last night in the first charge  
Depriv'd of speech; so by the Law of destiny,  
Your purpos'd remedy against your Law  
Was known too late: for (to divert  
The fury of th'affault, by taking from  
His friends that hope which was the cause of strife)  
I did appoint him for the Ax: and from

Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which confummate,  
 Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouost*.

*Exit.*

*Efc.* My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,  
 Then at the strangeneffe of it.

*Duk.* Come hither *Ifabell*,  
 Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then  
 Aduertyfing, and holy to your bufineffe,  
 (Not changing heart with habit) I am ftill,  
 Atturnd at your feruice.

*Ifab.* Oh giue me pardon  
 That I, your vaffaile, haue imploid, and pain'd  
 Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

*Duk.* You are pardon'd *Ifabell*:  
 And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.  
 Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart:  
 And you may maruaile, why I obfcure'd my felfe,  
 Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather  
 Make rafh remonftrance of my hidden powre,  
 Then let him fo be loft: oh moft kinde Maid,  
 It was the fwift celeritie of his death,  
 Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,  
 That brain'd my purpofe: but peace be with him,  
 That life is better life pafte fearing death,  
 Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,  
 So happy is your Brother.

*Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter Prouost.*

*Ifab.* I doe my Lord.

*Duk.* For this new-maried man, approaching here,  
 Whofe falt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
 Your well defended honor: you muft pardon  
 For *Mariana's* fake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,  
 Being criminall, in double violation  
 Of facred Chafteitie, and of promife-breach,  
 Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,  
 The very mercy of the Law cries out  
 Moft audible, euen from his proper tongue.  
 An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:



Our Battlements fhew'd them his head.

*Ang.* All my finifter Stars, have met at once,  
In confultation how to ruine me.

*Prov.* A moment e're his death, a Fryer who was  
Official here, did marry him to *Juliet* :  
And therefore now I come to know, how far  
You by your plentiful Eftate, will pleafe  
To give fubfiftance to his mourning Widow ?  
You know that his Poffeffions, and her Dowry,  
(He dying guilty by the fentence of  
The Law) are both confifcate to the Duke.

*Ang.* My bofom is too narrow for this grief ;  
I give her all I have.

*Enter Efchalus.*

*Efch.* My Lord, I grieve to tell you, that the Duke  
As a reward to *Ifabella's* vertue for  
Her fuff'rings, has already by his promife,  
Given her th'intended confifcation of  
Your Lands and Treafure.

*Ang.* 'Tis righteoufly beftow'd. But where alas,  
She having all, is *Juliet's* recompence ?

*Prov.* Let's leave him, Signior, to his thoughts.

[*Ex. Provost.*]

*Ang.* How wifely Fate ordain'd for humane kind  
Calamity, which is the perfect Glafs  
Wherein we truly fee and know our felves  
How juftly it created life but fhort ;  
For being incident to many griefs,  
Had it been deftin'd to continue long,  
Fate, to pleafe Fools, had done the Wife great wrong.

*Enter Ifabella.*

*Ifab.* I come, my Lord, to fee you in eclipse :  
You did too hurtful to mine eyes appear,  
When with your glory you did fill your Sphear.

*Ang.* Is it revenge that hath this vifit bred ;  
Or are you hither by compaffion led ?

*Ifab.* With no revenge nor pity I comply ;  
But come, perhaps, in curiofity ;

Hafte ftill paies h'fte, and leafure, anfwers leafure;  
 Like doth quit like, and *Meafure* ftill for *Meafure*:  
 Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;  
 Which though thou would'ft deny, denies thee vantage.  
 We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke  
 Where *Claudio* ftoop'd to death, and with like hafte.  
 Away with him.

*Mar.* Oh my moft gracious Lord,  
 I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?  
*Duk.* It is your husband mock't you with a husband,  
 Confenting to the fafe-guard of your honor,  
 I thought your marriage fit: elfe Imputation,  
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
 And choake your good to come: For his Poffeffions,  
 Although by confutation they are ours;  
 We doe en-ftate, and widow you with all,  
 To buy you a better husband.

*Mar.* Oh my deere Lord,  
 I craue no other, nor no better man.  
*Duke.* Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

*Mar.* Gentle my Liege.

*Duke.* You doe but loofe your labour.  
 Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.  
*Mar.* Oh my good Lord, fweet *Ifabell*, take my part,  
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,  
 I'll lend you all my life to doe you feruice.

*Duke.* Againft all fence you doe importune her,  
 Should fhe kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,  
 Her Brothers ghofte, his pained bed would breake,  
 And take her hence in horror.

*Mar.* *Ifabell*:  
 Sweet *Ifabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,  
 Hold vp your hands, fay nothing: I'll fpeake all.  
 They fay beft men are moulded out of faults,  
 And for the moft, become much more the better  
 For being a little bad: So may my husband.  
 Oh *Ifabel*: will you not lend a knee?



As in a great Eclipse the curious run  
 T'inform themselves exactly of the Sun :  
 For when his light is less'n'd, they see more  
 Of his unevenness, than they saw before.

*Ang.* The spots in him only imagin'd be ;  
 But all reported stains are true in me.

*Ifab.* As your confession of the worst of you  
 Seems now to utter more than does seem true,  
 So of the best of you, which is your love,  
 Perhaps you told much more than you could prove.

*Ang.* In an ill season you require a test,  
 T'affure you of that love which I profess :  
 When I can offer nothing that is fit,  
 To be a pledge to make you credit it ;  
 Since all I had is by the Duke (as due  
 To injur'd virtue) freely given to you.

*Ifab.* Take back your wealth ; improperly consign'd  
 To me, who prize no wealth, but of the mind.

*Ang.* How *Ifabell*? would you a present make  
 Of such a gift, as you disdain to take.  
 It would more worthy of your bounty prove,  
 To keep such trifles, and to give me love.  
 But I would have what you can never give ;  
*Claudio* is dead, whose life should make me live.

*Ifab.* I shall redeem you now from half your fear ;  
 I must be gone, but *Claudio* shall appear.

[*Exit.*

*Ang.* What may this mean? Virgins so soft as she  
 Can never pleasure take in cruelty.  
 Heav'n oft in wonders does propitious grow,  
 Fortune no faster ebbs than it can flow.

*Enter Claudio, Julietta.*

*Claud.* Let those who lost their youth retire to Graves,  
 Deaths Closets, where, though there be privacy,  
 Yet there is never use of thoughts. Let us thank  
 Heaven that we have life, since we together  
 May enjoy it.

*Jul.* From a wild Tempest, where we both were lost,

*Duke.* He dies for *Claudio's* death.

*Ifab.* Most bounteous Sir.

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,  
A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,  
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,  
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,  
In that he did the thing for which he dide.  
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects  
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

*Mar.* Meerely my Lord.

*Duk.* Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:  
I haue bethought me of another faulte.  
*Prouost*, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded  
At an vnusuall howre?

*Pro.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

*Pro.* No my good Lord: it was by priuate message

*Duk.* For which I doe discharge you of your office,  
Gine vp your keyes.

*Pro.* Pardon me, noble Lord,  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,  
Yet did repent me after more aduice,  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison  
That should by priuate order else haue dide,  
I haue referu'd aliue.

*Duk.* What's he?

*Pro.* His name is *Barnardine*.

*Duk.* I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:  
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

*Efc.* I am forry, one so learned, and so wise  
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue ftill appear'd,  
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud  
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

*Ang.* I am forrie, that such sorrow I procure,

Heaven lands us strangely on a Floury coast.

*Claud.* Since none could thus recover'd be by Heaven,  
Were not the crimes which lost them quite forgiven,

*Jul.* Honour would that without Religion do.

*Ang.* Are you the mortal substances of forms  
Which you resemble, *Claudio* and *Julietta*;  
Yet, like immortal Angels. can so much  
Of good forgiveness speak?

*Claud.* What act hath *Angelo* severely done,  
For which his Brother *Benedick* hath not  
By kindness ample satisfaction given?

*Ang.* How is this wonder to be understood?

[*Enter Benedick.*

*Ben.* The Provost, Brother, has to happy purpose  
Deceiv'd us by the death of *Bernardine*.  
Let us embrace and mutually exchange  
Forgiveness.

*Ang.* Sure our offences to each other will  
Admit excuse, since the authority of mighty love  
Did sway us both. This meeting has much comfort  
In it though it be in Prison.

[*Enter Beatrice, Viola.*

*Beat.* Where is the Rebel?

*Ben.* No Rebel, Lady, to your pow'r.

*Beat.* If you had err'd that way, y'had never been  
Forgiven; but you may offend your Prince  
As often as you please. There's your Pardon——

[*Gives him a Paper*  
*(seal'd.*

*Ben.* I hope you will not undo me.

*Beat.* How so, Sir?

*Ben.* I am afraid 'tis a Licence for Marriage.

*Beat.* No, Sir, Plays that end so, begin to be  
Out of fashion.

*Ben.* Do you not see your Cousin Juliet?  
She has been advis'd by a bauld Dramatick Poet  
Of the next Cloister, to end her Tragy-Comedy  
With Hymen the old way.

[*Beatrice salutes Juliet.*

*Beat.* Alas poor Cousin! Love has led thee a Dance  
Through a Brake of Thorns and Briers.

*Jul.* Madam, take heed; though he be blind  
He may find the way to lead you too.

And fo deepe fticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,  
'Tis my deferuing, and I doe entreat it.

*Enter Barnardine and Prouoft, Claudio, Iulietta.*

*Duke.* Which is that *Barnardine*?

*Pro.* This my Lord.

*Duke.* There was a Friar told me of this man.  
Sirha, thou art faid to haue a ftubborne foule  
That apprehends no further then this world,  
And fquart'ft thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,  
But for thofe earthly faults, I quit them all,  
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide  
For better times to come: Frier aduife him,  
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

*Pro.* This is another prifoner that I fau'd,  
Who fhould haue di'd when *Claudio* loft his head,  
As like almoft to *Claudio*, as himfelfe.

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, for his fake  
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie fake  
Giue me your hand, and fay you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:  
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's fafe,  
Methinkes I fee a quickning in his eye:  
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.  
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours  
I finde an apt remiffion in my felfe:  
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,  
You firha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,  
One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man:  
Wherein haue I fo deferu'd of you  
That you extoll me thus?

*Luc.* 'Faith my Lord, I fpoke it but according to the trick: if you will  
hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would pleafe you, I might be  
whipt.

*Duke.* Whipt firft, fir, and hang'd after.  
Proclaime it Prouoft round about the Citie,  
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow

*Viol.* Warrant ye I'll run from that foolish Boy,  
And then let him try to overtake me.

[*A shout within.*]

*Within.* The Duke! the Duke!

*Enter Duke, Ifabella, Efchalus, Provost, Fryar Thomas, Guards,  
Attendants, Balthazar, Lucio, behind the rest.*

*Duke.* The motive which last caus'd my visits  
To this Prison, was to give good counsel and to  
Reclaim the ill advis'd. But now I come  
To count'nance the Reclaim'd. I can relate  
Your latter Story, *Angelo*; and am  
Not ignorant, *Benedick*, of yours; but in  
Remembrance of your former merits I  
Forget your late attempts.

*Ang.* Your Highness makes  
An hourly conquest of our hearts, and we  
Most humbly bow in thankfulness of your  
Continual clemency.

*Duke.* The eye of Pow'r does not alone observe  
The heights, but lower Regions of the world.  
I have a Convert here, whom I would see.

*Prov.* Call *Bernardine*.

*Ben.* Is he alive?

*Duke.* I am more willingly pleas'd, because  
The fury of the last encounter has  
Not lost me any of my Subjects lives.  
The Martial's free from danger of his wound;  
And as the military Sword has not  
Prevail'd so far as life, so Justice, with  
Contrition satisfy'd, did sheath up hers.

[*Enter Jaylor, Fool, Bernardine.*]

*Balt.* There's no harm yet.

*Luc.* I hope we shall all scape.

*Duke.* The Provost (whose fidelity I shall  
Reward) did in the storm preserve from wrack  
This Penitent: and from the Battlements

(As I haue heard him fweare himfelfe there's one  
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,  
And he fhall marry her: the nuptiall finifh'd,  
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

*Luc.* I befeech your Highneffe doe not marry me to a Whore: your  
Highneffe faid euen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recom-  
pence me, in making me a Cuckold.

*Duke.* Vpon mine honor thou fhalt marrie her.  
Thy flanders I forgiue, and therewithall  
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prifon,  
And fee our pleafure herein executed.

*Luc.* Marrying a punke my Lord, is preffing to death,  
Whipping and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a Prince deferues it.  
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you reftore.  
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:  
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.  
Thanks good friend, *Efcalus*, for thy much goodneffe,  
There's more behinde that is more gratefull.  
Thanks *Prouoft* for thy care, and fecrecie,  
We fhall imploy thee in a worthier place.  
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home  
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,  
Th'offence pardons it felfe. Deere *Ifabell*,  
I haue a motion much imports your good,  
Where to if you'll a willing eare incline;  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.  
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll fhew  
What's yet behinde, that meete you all fhould know.

Deceiv'd you with a Head of one, who of  
A natural ficknefs dy'd i'th' Prifon.

*Luc.* Under your Highnefs favour I fufpected  
Afar off, that 'twas not *Bernardine's*, by  
A fmall Wart upon his left eye-lid.

*Duke.* You were not bid to fpeak.

*Luc.* No an't please your Highnefs,  
Nor wifht to hold my peace.

*Balt. Lucio,* you will be talking.

*Duke.* Remember, *Bernardine*, your Vows to Heaven;  
And fo behave your felf in future life,  
That I fhall ne'er repent my mercy.

*Bern.* I am your Highnefs Debtor for this life,  
And for th' occafion of that happinefs,  
Which may fucceed it after death.

*Duke.* Is there not, Father, in this Company  
One too much troubled with a lib'ral tongue,  
Who hath traduc'd me to a Brother of  
Your Cloifter?

*Fry. Tho.* Yes, Sir, and here behold the man.

*Luc.* Who I, Father? I know you not.

*Fry. Tho.* No, Sir, but I know you.

*Luc.* I fhall be glad, Sir, of your acquaintance,  
For my Confeffor is lately dead.

*Duke.* But, *Lucio*, you perhaps, would know me too,  
Should I again put on the Habit which  
I wore, when boldly to my face you did  
Traduce me in this Prifon.

*Luc.* If your Highnefs, forgiving now fo many,  
Will pardon me too, I'll hereafter hang  
A Padlock at my lips, and this good Father  
Shall keep the Key of it.

*Duke.* Your flanders, *Lucio*, cannot do me harm.  
Be forrowful, and be forgiven.

*Balt.* Thy Mother hath bewicht thee the right way,  
For no Sword can pierce thee.

*Duke.* Think me not fingular, becaufe







I did my felf a while depofe;  
 For many Monarchs have their Thrones  
 Forfaken for a Cloiftral life; and I,  
 Perhaps, may really that Habit take,  
 Which I have worn but in difguife.

*Ang.* That were t'undo the world by leaving it.

*Ben.* Whilft fo you feek imagin'd happinefs,  
 We all fhall find effential mifery.

*Duke.* My refolutions are not foon remov'd:  
 I'm old and weary of authority.

But, e're I leave it quite (fince I have no  
 Succeffors of my own) let me difpofe  
 Of beft advantages to thofe whom I  
 Esteem, who may enjoy my power. Lend me,  
 Chafte *Ifabella*, your fair hand; which with  
 Your heart I dedicate to *Angelo*;  
 He now fufficiently that virtue knows,  
 Which he too much, too curioufly has try'd.

*Ifab.* I have fo long your counfel follow'd with  
 Succefs, as I am taught not to fufpect  
 Much happinefs will ftill attend  
 Th' obedience which does yield  
 To your command.

*Ang.* I fear my joys are grown too great to laft.

*Duke.* I have a good occafion, *Benedick*,  
 To thank you now for your fuccefsful toils  
 And Victory in the *Millain* War; for which.  
 In ample recompence, I give you but  
 The heart, which I perceive you had before.  
 The witty war which you fo long have had  
 With virtuous *Be'trice*, now muft gently end,  
 In joyful triumphs of a nuptial peace.

*Beat.* Take heed! our quarrel will begin again;  
 And th' end of this long Treaty will but bring  
 The war home to your own doors.

*Ben.* I'll venture. 'Tis but providing good ftore of  
 Cradles for Barracadoes to line my Chamber.

*FINIS.*



*Duke.* Be happy, *Claudio*, in your faithful *Juliet*,  
The persecutions of your loves are past.

*Claud.* They feel not joy who have not sorrow felt.  
We through afflictions make our way to Heaven.

*Luc.* Fool, I've a mind to marry your Grandmother.

*Fool.* She stays for you in the Church, and will prove  
A sweet Bed-fellow, for she has not been  
Bury'd above a Month.

*Duke.* Provost, open your Prison Gates, and make  
Your Pris'ners free. The story of this day,  
When 'tis to future Ages told, will seem  
A moral drawn from a poetick Dream.

FINIS.

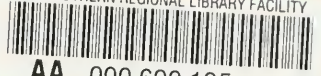








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